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# WIDEONGOD BOLD



## A TALE OF ARNOLD'S TREASON

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BY N. C. IRON.

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BEADLE AND COMPANY,  
NEW YORK: 141 WILLIAM STREET.  
LONDON: 44 PATERNOSTER ROW.



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(No. 37.)



# GIDEON GODBOLD;

OR,

## THE FAITHFUL AND UNFAITHFUL OF 1782

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE AUGURIES.

ON a warm day in June, in the year 1779, in an elegant apartment of a mansion of Philadelphia, sat the beautiful Alice Faith. A severe storm had just passed over the city, and the clouds, in all their wildness, were rushing toward the eastern horizon. During the fearful raging of the elements, Alice had retained her seat, and now that the thunder had ceased its roar, the lightning its vividness, and the rain no longer fell, and the garden at her feet, refreshed by the moisture, filled the room with its fragrance, she seemed as insensible to the lovely as to the terrible. Her fair hand still supported her head as her elbow rested on a table by her side, her brow was pensive, her long, dark eyelashes were so depressed as to veil the brilliancy of her eyes, and her lips were firmly closed upon those pearly teeth. She seemed like a goddess in repose, who, though concealing one-half the radiance of her charms, left quite enough for the purpose of enchantment.

But there was much anguish beneath this flattering surface. Alice was an orphan, and a dependent. Her father had been a man of wealth, and she his only child; but he was a Tory of the most inveterate class—would live under no rule but monarchy—and all his estates became forfeited to Congress. During the occupation of Philadelphia by the English, he lived in great elegance, and entertained the military with liberality. Alice rarely appeared at these banquets, and therefore was but little seen, when on the retirement of General Howe, at a pageant called the Mis-chiauza—signifying a “medley,” and



something similar to the tournaments of old—one of the most gallant of the English officers impersonating the Knight of the Blended Roses, notwithstanding his renown as a champion, fell before her charms—the conqueror was conquered. He soon avowed his passion, was accepted by Alice, and much happiness ensued; but it was of short duration. The troops were ordered to retreat and on the same day Alice parted from her father and her lover. The former fell a few days afterward at Mortmouth, leaving her penniless; but the latter cherished her love in his breast until he met a doom as fatal but less fortunate.

While thus borne down by affliction, her father dead, her lover banished from her presence by the stern discipline of war, and herself in poverty, a refuge she could not see was looming in the distance. Isabelle Ormond, once a dear friend, but long separated by the rival sentiments of their parents, visited and offered her a heart and an asylum. Alice accepted the generous proffer, and from that day she had continued a guest of this kind family.

The dark clouds now became less compact, began to separate, and to form figures grotesque and monstrous upon a ground of azure, their edges being fringed with a sort of gloomy luster by the declining sun. The eyes of Alice were unclosed, and engrossed in the study of those celestial diagrams, when the door of the apartment opened, and a young lady, elegantly attired, entered. She approached the meditative Alice, and arousing her from the profoundness of her thoughts, exclaimed:

“I have much to relate, dear Alice. The day has not been so auspicious as nuptial days should be; but you are not attending to my words.”

Alice was intent upon those huge, sailing masses in the air. Without removing her eyes, she caught her fair companion by the hand, and led her through the open casement to the balcony which conducted to the garden, then, pointing toward a group of clouds, she asked:

“Isabelle, tell me what those clouds represent?”

“They are so rugged and serrated that our imaginations might fashion them into almost any form,” said Isabelle.

“Perhaps they are most like trees and men but I must confess



that both are on such a gigantic scale as not to exist in nature."

"I see trees and men," replied Alice, in much excitement, "and a horse and rider too."

"Seriously, dear Alice," said Isabelle, alarmed at the intensity of her friend's manner, "you are not distorting that angular cloud into a horse and rider? You do great injustice to the beauty of both noble animals."

"It is an officer who sits upon him," continued Alice.

"Alice," replied Isabelle, laughingly, "you are becoming distressingly minute."

But Alice did not notice the gentle sarcasm. She extended her hands toward the clouds, breathed short and quickly, and just as a ray of the sun lighted up the edge of the cloud she called the horseman, she exclaimed:

"See there, the men advance—they seize him—it is an ambush—he will be slain. I know his handsome form. Ah, now the sun gilds his face—it is he—it is André," and Alice fell into the arms of her dear friend, exhausted and insensible.

Isabelle had watched the clouds—they had formed a junction, and were run into one huge mass, and the sunbeam being obscured, all remained dark and foreboding.

In great consternation, Isabelle applied every restorative, and soon revived her friend, without summoning further aid. Then she pressed her to her heart, begged her to be comforted, and not to permit her mind to be disturbed by the gambols of these vapors because they sometimes clumsily impersonated things of earth. Alice returned the caress of her friend, thanked her for her solicitude; but could not discharge from her mind the sad impression of this imagery. Not, however, to appear insensible to the efforts of Isabelle, she said:

"Now that I am better, you must narrate the particulars of the wedding from which you have just returned, for, unable to attend myself, the bride has my best wishes for her happiness."

"Most willingly, dear Alice," replied Isabelle, "but you must first allow me to relieve myself of these superfluous adornments."

"By all means," said Alice.



Isabelle quitted the room ; but speedily returned, dressed in the easy costume of home, and Alice beheld her with increased admiration now that she had cast the rival jewels from her person, and appeared in the luster of her beauty. She seated herself by her dear friend at the open casement, where she could inhale the sweetness of the garden, and thus commenced her relation :

“ I need not tell you how I left the society of Alice Faith and the residence of Mr. Ormond for that of Mr. Shippen, to attend the marriage of his sweet daughter, Margaret, with the valorous General Arnold—so of this I will say no more. We reached the church in thunder and lightning—bride and bridegroom, bridesmaids and groomsmen, and friends in carriages innumerable. In passing from our vehicle to the door of the edifice we were drenched with rain, and our bouquets destroyed by its force. When we advanced up the aisle, the artillery of the heavens seemed to be rolling in crashing peals along the roof, while the lightning eclipsed the light of day. The effect was appalling. All were alarmed. The happy couple partook the general feeling, and the holy minister, who stood at the altar, cast up his reverend eyes to study the security of the building.

“ The bride could not reach the altar—she paused from fatigue and emotion, and nearly fell. The bridesmaids, armed with restoratives in bottles, dashed forward to her succor ; but they were little less frightened than herself, and she gained but little confidence from the pallor of their faces. At length the General advanced and soon restored the victory. He uttered a few words, which were talismanic. Margaret made an effort, and the procession moved on. We reached the foot of the steps, up which the bride was borne, for she could not walk, and placed in position, as the General would describe it. The bridegroom marched up the steps, followed by his column of male friends. There we stood, confronting each other—the ladies pale, except where they had provided against such contingency, their dresses moistened by the rain, and many of those little graces of the toilet, which had been adopted to increase their charms, awry to ugliness. The gentlemen were well attired, grave, and apparently self possessed ; but the thunder was unappeased. It still shook the holy



edifice, and the priest still looked anxiously upon the untowardness of the events which retained him in it, while the lightning seemed to give to each visage the ghastliness of death.

"The service commenced, and proceeded until the ring was required. The General produced it; but at this juncture a flash of lightning, so dazzling that it confused our vision, shot through the church, while the clouds, as if furious at its passage, gave vent to their anger in a voice so terrible that the building absolutely rocked, shattering many of the windows. The bride uttered a cry, which was gently echoed by her virgins, an agitation was perceptible among the gentlemen, the minister involuntarily closed his book, and the bridegroom, schooled as he was to din and danger in the field, became appalled, and let fall that endless bond to vows divine—the ring. It was received by the marble pavement, and when he stooped to recover it, the ring was in fragments. His face was red with anger, and the ladies gazed on the golden portions in terror and consternation. Not a word was spoken—even the General was silent, although he must have thought the jeweler perfidious; but perhaps could not have said so within the stint of words prescribed by holy church. Another ring, however, was soon handed to him and as soon as the assembly were sufficiently composed, the ceremony was concluded, the bride pronouncing every syllable of her vow in tears. Now came kisses and congratulations. They were rather gravely performed; but still they assisted in banishing the earlier scenes; and just as all had resolved to be more happy, the bridegroom approached the bride, who wore his miniature suspended from her neck. The button of his coat caught this tiny portrait, detached it from the chain, dashed it upon the pavement, and the next minute it was beneath the unconscious General's feet.

"*'Oh!*' cried the bride, in agony, *'you have crushed yourself—remove your foot.'*

"The General raised his foot, and there was his wife's treasure, distorted, broken, and unrecognizable. The bride, excited by the disasters of the day, was overcome by this calamity, and was conveyed insensible to her carriage, the whole assemblage unconsciously trampling upon the shattered



General in their anxiety for the bride; and after they had passed, I perceived him gathering up the remnants, and endeavoring so to arrange his features as to make himself appear more like what he was before his fall.

"Of course I drove back to the bride's residence, where she became better. She apologized for the trouble she had occasioned those who had assembled to witness her happiness, and ascribed her illness to the severity of the tempest; but a melancholy shadow had been cast upon the day, and although there was nothing to lament but the destruction of two ornaments, I could distinguish that in the estimation of our fair Margaret, those simple incidents were thought to be deeply portentous of the future."

Despite the humorous coloring which Isabelle had given to this recital, she sunk into deep thought at the conclusion, and, as Alice was revolving in her mind the distressing nature of these untoward occurrences to a young bride upon her marriage day, it was some time before any observation was made. Alice was the first to speak:

"I trust," she said, "that when Margaret reflects that the incipient cause of these trifling incidents was the unusual severity of the storm, she will no longer cherish them as omens of misfortune."

"I subscribe to your wishes, dear Alice, with all my heart," replied Isabelle, "and your observation allows me to express a sentiment yet nearer to my heart. I hope that the *tableaux* which you conjured out of those dark vapors in the air will be equally ineffective when submitted to the rigor of your better judgment."

Alice felt the corrective piquancy of her friend, and knew its kindly object: but she was silent beneath the reproof, and before the conversation could be resumed, a servant appeared and announced the hour of supper.



## CHAPTER II.

## THE BEARER OF DISPATCHES.

A DAY or two earlier than that on which Alice and Isabelle were conversing on the subject of the auguries, in Philadelphia, a horseman was observed riding through the by-ways leading from the highlands of the Hudson to the Delaware. He was tall, powerfully formed, well armed, and clad in the uniform of Washington's body-guard—a corps as reputed for integrity as for unflinching bravery. Their motto was, "We conquer or we die;" and wherever their banner floated, there the enemy knew would be inordinate carnage, and few cared for the distinction of their rivalry in the field, unless with great advantages in number.

The horseman in question was a Lieutenant in that choice body, named Horace Blythe, and was now the bearer of important dispatches from General Washington to Philadelphia. The animal he rode was a handsome roan, of a strength and courage such as was indispensable to an intrepid warrior of the body-guard. He had an eye as fiery, and was endowed with a spirit as dashing, as those of his master, and seemed quite as impatient for rapid travel; indeed, although placable off duty, gentleness in harness belonged to neither horse nor rider. The pace at which the gallant soldier traveled by no means lessened his vigilance, for his eyes scanned every bush, pierced into the recesses of the leafy trees, and scrutinized every opening likely to conceal an enemy—precautions which evinced that he was no stranger to the perils of the times.

Horace Blythe was a native of Washington's own State. With the same inherent love of freedom, he was among the earliest respondents to the call to arms, and had been an active disciple of his chief from the hour of his command.

Horace well knew that the country through which a portion of his journey led him was infected by both Cowboys and Skinners, each of whom affected to befriend a party; but who, really, plundered every one they met; and fortunate was the man who lived to tell his loss. It was to be prepared



against an ambuscade of these artful vagabonds that his eye was so restless, though he hoped that the uniform in which he rode would convince those who coveted his purse or papers that he was no easy conquest.

The evening was fast closing, and objects were becoming rather indistinct even to his practiced vision, when he reached the edge of a forest through which he had to pass. No house was near whence he could obtain guidance through this labyrinth of trees, and in desperation he was about to plunge into the wilderness, when a man stepped from the border of the wood and approached him. He made no demonstration of hostility, though armed with a rifle, which he carried with a careless air. He had the appearance of great strength and endurance, for his chest was broad and his person compact and sinewy. Horace thought that his apathy might be affected, and kept the stranger well under his eye.

"I guess you're hesitating whether to go into that wood or no?" said the stranger, interrogatively.

"No, I have determined," replied Horace.

"To do what?" asked the stranger.

"To enter it and pursue my journey," said Horace.

"Then take the advice of one who ha' just come out, and don't go in," said the stranger.

"Is there danger?" asked Horace.

"Ay, destruction," said the stranger.

The soldier hesitated. He again closely surveyed the stranger, who met his gaze unflinchingly; still, he feared that some deep villainy might have induced this gratuitous caution, and was about to pursue his interrogations, when a poor decrepit woman issued from the same point of the forest from which the stranger had so recently emerged. Horace was astonished, and seized a pistol from his holster. The stranger evidently shared in his surprise, though not in his alarm, and both waited in silence while the woman hobbled toward them. She was supported by an oaken staff, and exhibited a weakness and an age that Horace regretted to see abandoned to these lonely woods.

"My poor old friend," said Horace, in deep sympathy, "where do you live? Where is your home, for I see no cottage near?"



The old creature raised some of the dirty rags that covered her to her eyes at this affecting question, and sobbed aloud. Then, in a feeble voice, much broken by excessive agitation, she replied:

"The old place is in ashes—the old man and childer killed—and I've no home but them woods."

"And are you so unfortunate, and so destitute and alone?" cried Horace, with great feeling.

"Oh yes, sir, quite alone—never see anybody but them Cowboys and Skinners at their villainy," said the woman.

"What were you doing at yonder point from whence you came, my good mother?" asked Horace, whose heart was wholly enlisted in the cause of the distressed wanderer.

"I was a-watching him," said she, pointing to the stranger, "while he was a-watching you."

"What have you to say to that, scoundrel?" demanded Horace of the stranger.

The man had seated himself upon a huge stone, and was listening with a heart as apparently untouched with feeling as the seat he occupied, when he replied, significantly:

"I guess she ha' spoke the truth."

"Then, villain, begone," exclaimed Horace, leveling a pistol at his head, "lest I be tempted to shoot you on the spot. Touch not that gun," he added, as he perceived the man about to resume the rifle which he had placed by his side upon the ground; "you shall not enjoy the advantage of shooting me in the distance."

"But," expostulated the man, with a look of earnestness, "'tis murder to send me adrift without my gun."

"I will not do that. I will grant you more mercy than you intended me," said Horace. "Get beyond my sight, and I will leave your gun here, for which you can return, while this poor old dame will guide me from your treachery through the woods."

A look of exultation flashed from the chosen pilot's eyes, which was not unobserved by the stranger, who, compelled to accept the rigorous terms imposed by Horace, cast a wistful look upon his rifle, and prepared to leave. As he receded, he exclaimed:

"Guardsmen, beware of that old hag. There are eyes



in them 'oods now looking at you, and if you go into 'em you'll die."

"Is that true?" said Horace, looking sternly at the woman, who now seemed to him a less gentle specimen of her sex than he had thought.

"He may have some of his own mates up there," said the woman, "but I know all the trails, and I'll lead you by a path hem'll not think."

This sentiment, uttered with a voice that increased his veneration for the speaker, reassured him, and notwithstanding he thought it rather adventurous to enter the intricacies of the forest under such aged guidance, he resolved to proceed, and was about to move forward, when he perceived the woman, with an agility that almost belied her years, stoop and secure in an instant the gun of the absent stranger, who had now disappeared from view. But Horace rebuked this act, as an infringement upon an assurance which he would not compromise. To his surprise, however, the woman did not surrender the weapon until she beheld that he had still his pistol in his hand, and then she did so most ungraciously, letting it fall upon the rock upon which the stranger had been sitting, by which there was great danger of its discharge, when he or his noble animal must have received its contents.

The hag, disappointed of her prize, led the way rather sullenly, supported by her oaken staff; but proceeding with more rapidity than she had done in her advance from the wood. The entrance of the forest was reached, and the grim obscurity into which Horace peered suggested to him what infamy might here be successfully masked. He, however, unhesitatingly followed his guide; but they had not traveled far, when the poor woman was attacked with a fit of coughing, so violent that it at once made Horace despair of any thing like a secret passage; and soon, mixed with the echoes of this noisy malady as they returned upon his ear, he distinctly heard the report of fire-arms, when the coughing ceased, and the woman, who, he thought, must be wholly exhausted, resumed her journey, apparently reinvigorated. All again was hushed. There was no sound but that of the woman as she trod upon the leaves and fallen sticks, and of his horse. To avoid the branches, and be prepared for extremes, he



removed the pistols from his holsters, placed them in his belt, and glided from his horse to the ground, leading him by the rein. The guide created so much unnecessary noise in her progress that this alteration in his position was not regarded; so profound was the obscurity that it could not be seen. Presently some heavy weapon was whirled through the air just above his saddle, and struck against the trunk of a tree on the opposite side. His horse, already fretful at the darkness, became furious at this unseen annoyance, and threw out his heels in rage, when Horace distinctly heard a heavy body fall to the ground. In an instant he comprehended the danger. Some miscreant, he thought, with no better vision in the dark than he, had hoped to fell him from his horse, and had been punished by the animal for his villainy.

This was the state of matters in the rear; but in the van the guide was gone. Her feet no longer gave music to the leaves, nor did her cudgel beat blows of warning on the trees. He was abandoned to pillage. But he was great in danger. He backed his horse out of the narrow pathway into a recess between some trees, and the noble charger, well disciplined in obedience, moved not a muscle. He had but just accomplished this, when cries of "murder" arose from the spot whence the attack was made. Then followed a rush of several bodies through the trees, as if to render assistance, and after a blow, a groan, and apparently a retreat, all was again silent. The feelings of Horace were now intense. He stood with an ear so sensitive that he thought that even a leaf could not fall in the distance unknown to him; but at this juncture there came a touch upon his elbow, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Them what wish to murder you are within a few yards—would you rather live or die?"

Horace was startled at the touch, and yet more at the question; but he replied:

"I fain would live."

"Then confide in me," said the whisperer.

"My confidence has just been abused by one who imposed upon me by her age and sex," said Horace.

"I guess I cautioned you agin her," said the stranger.

"You?" exclaimed Horace, in astonishment.

"Ay, sir," said the unseen man. "I'm the man that you



threatened to shoot, whose gun you took away, and who cautioned you agin going into the 'oods."

"And why are you here?" demanded Horace.

"I follered to help you," replied the stranger. "I know'd what 'twould come to."

"I wish I had more faith in you," said Horace, "but my only impression now is that you and that aged sinner are in league."

The stranger, at this declaration, gave a long but subdued whistle; then, as if suddenly awakening to the necessity of the occasion, seized one of Horace's hands in which he held a pistol, placed it against his own heart, and exclaimed:

"Now, guardsman, fire if you think me false!"

Horace, in terror, withdrew the weapon from the stranger's breast, for his finger was upon the trigger, thrust it into his girdle, and grasping the hand of the stranger, said:

"Noble, valiant friend, brave as you are honest, pardon the injustice of my thoughts toward you."

"Why," said the stranger, rather diverted at the change, "the inconvenience ha' bin your own, I guess; but we must not make this use o' time. Them sons o' Baal will be down upon us like wolves on the prairie in a short time. Can you back your horse for about twenty or thirty yards that we may get upon another trail, for them fellers 'ill be sure to foller on this, seeing that you're alone."

"Oh, yes," replied Horace, "he will move any way."

"Well, then, go ahead," said the stranger; "but mind," he added, chuckling, "it must be tail foremost."

The docile charger commenced his retrograde movement with great readiness; but he had not proceeded far when voices in complaint were again heard in the direction whence "murder" was first called. Horace paused; but the stranger said that whatever the consequence might be, it was indispensable to pursue their journey upon another trail, for that the villains, thinking him unguided, would be sure to follow the one upon which they had placed him, and which did not ad through the forest, but into deeper and inextricable entanglement.

Horace, with his horse, reached the chosen path, and was soon joined by the stranger, who had approached with his



finger on his lips, and now stood by without uttering a word, as if expecting every moment to hear the howl of their pursuers. Soon the silent forest rung with the fury of their rage, frightening all that was in slumber into life, while those human hounds, with nostrils distended at the scent of blood, rushed on to seek their prey. Horace was horrified at the pack of demons who sought his trail; but the stranger allowed him little time for thought.

"We must hasten along this path," he whispered, "for the noise they're a-makin' I guess 'ill drown our'n, and we shan't be heard."

The stranger strode forward, followed by Horace and his horse, while their enemies, running in a direction parallel, unconsciously aided their retreat by howling for revenge. Presently the villains ceased their clamor—a calm was upon the forest, almost as painful as the cries which had preceded it—they had reached the end of the path, where the trees and underwood seemed too dense for the passage of either man or horse—still, their victim was not there. An indistinct whispering was heard, which ended in the party forcing their way toward the trail selected by the stranger. Horace prepared his pistols and his companion raised his gun; but at this crisis something occurred to induce the villains to change their plan—they returned, and soon were heard forcing their way in an opposite direction. Horace felt relieved; but the stranger, accustomed to the danger and vicissitudes of the woods, was unaffected by this divergence of the enemy, though, like an able guide, he prepared to convert it to his advantage.

"Now, guardsman," said he, "we must part. They'll soon be back ag'in. They're uneasy in their scheme, I know by the way they go about it. You must mount and foller this path, while I find a nearer way, but one a horse can't go. Ride sharp, and slope a little toward your horse's neck or you may be knocked from the saddle by the branches. Speed is the best security, I guess, and if we're favored we snall meet at the end o' the 'ood."

"I will follow your directions, my good and faithful friend," replied Horace, mounting his horse, "but is it not possible that these brigands may intercept me by some nearer route?"



"To prevent that," said the stranger, caressing the horse, "I trust to the pace o' this noble feller."

"He will do his duty," said Horace, proudly. "Farewell."

"Farewell," said the stranger, as Horace dashed forward, and he then added, "you're a brave pair; but you'll need all your courage this night."

Horace rode with slackened rein, trusting more to the sagacity of his noble charger than to his own vision. He soon found that the precaution of the worthy stranger was not needless; for, although he bent to his courser's mane, the stout branches of the trees swept continually his back, rendering the speed at which he was compelled to ride very hazardous to life. But he knew there was danger in delay, and he sped forward. The path was narrow and winding, which added much to the difficulty, and some angles were brought almost close together, being separated only by a hedge of underwood and trees, although the distance from each by the path was many rods. It was in passing one of these angles that he heard a slight noise; he reined in his horse slightly, and listened attentively. They were the hoarse voices of his enemies. They had headed him in the race.

"'Tis he, 'tis he," said one of them; "fire when he turns the corner—straight down the path—at man and horse. There he is—blaze away!"

A groan of agony was heard, and also the suppressed neighing of a horse as if in the death-struggle. The villains threw down their arms and drew their knives, and, with a cheer of exultation, rushed toward their victim. Then came a whisper in the ear of Horace—who had halted at this appalling incident—which seemed to proceed from the air; it said:

"Spur round the corner!"

The next moment the order was accomplished, and Horace, riding down the villains to the earth, was again flying along the path with terrific speed. Then a howl of baffled vengeance arose from behind; but the leader of the scoundrels inspired their brutality with hope by exclaiming, as he rose from the earth:

"Foller, boys, foller! 'tis no use his runnin' away from death. He'll catch 'em. They must drop in a few hundred yards. 'Tis their last gallop."



A hideous yell again disturbed the quiet of the forest, and then the heavy tread of the infuriate brigands was heard in pursuit of the flying horseman, whom they thought fatally wounded. Horace dashed on. He thought no more of treacherous branches, or narrow or tortuous ways. He feared only the danger in the rear, and endeavored to place as much distance as possible between himself and this terrible pack of demons. But their execrations soon yielded to the matchless speed of his gallant roan, till the many voices seemed like one, and even that became fainter and fainter, till not a sound polluted the air from that vile fountain. A little further and he debouched from the forest, and horse and rider stood upon the plain. The moon was now rising above the horizon, and tinging with the silver of its rays the gloomy wood which had so nearly been his sepulcher. The scene was a feast to his eyes after the deep obscurity and peril through which he had traveled, and, as he gazed upon it, he suddenly perceived that he was not alone in the enjoyment, for at a short distance stood, leaning upon his gun, in silent contemplation, the stranger. Horace rode toward him, leaped from his horse and seized his hand:

"I owe you a great debt," he said; "how can I repay you?"

"By not suspecting me," replied the stranger.

"I feel the reproach acutely," said Horace, "and am thoroughly ashamed of my conduct toward you on the other side of the forest."

"Well, we're in safety now," said the stranger, "and 'twould be well to place a little more distance 'twixt us and this forest, for them fellers will very likely come to the edge on't."

"But relate to me my worthy friend," said Horace, as they proceeded together across the plain, "the intrepid manner in which you have effected my deliverance; for although I have been an actor in the scene, and know that my life has been preserved by your agency, the incidents occurred beneath such obscurity, that I am ignorant of every circumstance where I did not participate in the action."

"There's not much in't, I guess," replied the stranger, "but I dare say some o' the things are strange to you that you couldn't see. Well, you know I eomed out o' the 'ood, and that old beldam follered me. Then you took to her



bekase she hobbled and w'ined and pretended to be very old, and sent me off. I see'd the wretch try to get my gun, and that act o' honor to leave the rifle saved your life; but I knowed by your cloth that you'd be true to your word. You hadn't gone ten steps in the 'ood afore I had my gun, nor ten more afore I was jist behind you. Then the old woman coughed. You thought she was bad; but she wanted her pals to hear her, and in course she didn't get better till she heard their signal. I see'd you slip off your horse. I thought that you were gettin' kinder suspicious, but you warn't. I see'd a feller slip behind your horse. He thought you were on him, and leveled a bludgeon at your head. I would ha' felled him for this, but your roan did it better. When 'murder' was cried, his pals all thought 'twas you, and runned to finish you, and the guide was one o' the party. In the dark I dealt two on 'em stunnin' blows on their heads, and would ha' served the others the same but they were suspicious and got away. I then got round to you, when you heard the second cry. That was when the fellers got better, and then they started after you, and in course, as I see you here, they couldn't catch you."

"But I have had a yet narrower escape," said Horace; "but perhaps you are more capable of explaining that than I am."

"Well, well," said the stranger, "I guess I'll tell you that. Arter you'd mounted your hoss and left me, I repented—as you do now that you ever sent me off," said he, significantly. "I thought I'd exposed you to too much danger. So, as I knowed the crankling ways of the path, and how it might lead you right in them villains' faces, I follered you at a shorter cut. I see'd the rascals, and I heard you a comin' on. I heard them agree to shoot you as you passed the corner; but you reined in. I took up the running. They took me for a hoss—fired whilst I had slipped into the bush, and after I had groaned like a dying man and moaned like a hoss—for we have to pretend to be all animals in the forest—I whispered in your ear to ride for your life, and jist as them scoundrels expected to drink your blood, they were spread upon the earth and their prey was gone, and what will their astonishment be to-morrow when they see no blood."

Horace was deeply affected at the disinterested services



which this noble fellow had conferred upon him. He meditated with admiration upon his dispassionate conduct—how magnanimously he had triumphed over the baser feelings of humanity without thinking it a victory, and how he had responded to the contumely and threats of an indiscriminating stranger by the exercise of the purest virtue, for he hazarded his life to shield from death the man who had, an instant earlier, spurned him with contempt.

"There's a small house kept by honest folk," said the stranger, after walking some time in silence beside Horace, "where you can remain for the night. It is about two or three miles further. Shall I lead you there?"

"Yes," replied Horace, "and I trust you will remain there also, for I would fain have an hour with you when my heart is less filled with emotion."

The stranger made no reply, when Horace added:

"But we must exchange names, that I may cherish yours among those of my friends whom I place next my heart. I am Lieutenant Horace Blythe, of Washington's Body-Guard. I am much with the Commander-in-Chief, and if ever you require a friend, I trust you will not do me the injustice to apply to another."

"Now that's well said, and I know you're sincere," said the stranger, with a smile; "but 'tis little I want, though I will accept your friendship with all my heart. Therefore, not to be behindhand, I'm Gideon Godbold, of old Connecticut stock, and Phineas is my father. I'm a good deal in the Highlands. I like the country, and have sometimes been useful there."

"You could reside nowhere long without distinction, Gideon," said Horace. "Have you served in the army?"

"I'm a bad soldier," said Gideon, "bad in discipline. Can't bear the confinement, and only help to make them that can uneasy. But I wish to take my part in this glorious stand for liberty. I'm sometimes in the ranks; and as I've made such a noble friend this night, p'raps I may one day ask to fight beside them famous guardsmen. I'll stick to the banner 'conquer or die.'"

"Your application will never be rejected," said Horace, "and I think we shall soon be actively employed again."



In this manner Horace and Gideon conversed until they reached the house, where refreshment having been procured, and the horse well stabled, the new friends separated; but when the morning came the false Gideon had eloped. He had left an hour before the early hour at which Horace had risen, and his object was to escape that gratitude with which he found the feelings of his friend so pregnant. Horace was disappointed, but esteemed the sentiment, and after partaking breakfast, again mounted his charger to pursue his way to Philadelphia.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

HORACE BLYTHE reached the city without further adventure. His first care was to provide good quarters for his horse, for he knew not how soon he might again require him. He next changed his traveling dress, and then hastened to deliver his dispatches. For this purpose he summoned a carriage and drove to the residence of General Arnold. It was a princely mansion, and had been the dwelling of the almost regal Penn, to whom once appertained the city, and the State in which it is placed.

The approach to the entrance, however, was almost impracticable from the crowd of carriages which surrounded it, and Horace was astounded at the elegance of the equipages, and wondered at the occasion which could command such a display. He adopted the prudent course of leaving his own vehicle at a distance, and approaching the General's house on foot. He entered the hall, the door of which was open, stated his business, and asked if he could be admitted to General Arnold. The servant whom he addressed seemed surprised, replied that he would inquire, and invited Horace into a room adjoining the hall. There he waited nearly an hour, then, becoming impatient, which feeling was spiced with a little indignation, notwithstanding he awaited the pleasure of a General, he rung the bell, and requested that the General



might be again informed that he was the bearer of dispatches of importance from General Washington.

Soon a gentleman entered the room, as if by accident, apologized for the intrusion, and finding that it was not objectionable, entered into conversation, learned from Horace his mission, and then informed him that the General had been married, and that he and his lady were receiving "wedding visits." Horace expressed his regret that he should have arrived at such a moment; but intimated his willingness to remain until the General was at liberty, as his directions were to deliver the dispatches in person.

The gentleman with whom Horace was conversing was so entertaining, had such a store of knowledge, and narrated it in such a racy, pleasant manner, that an hour or two had passed away insensibly, when Arnold entered, who, with an uncourtous, dissatisfied air, received the papers, and requesting Horace to call on the following day, he again quitted the apartment.

Horace now prepared to leave. The gentleman endeavored to detain him; but he was too indignant to remain. He, however, gave him the name of his hotel, and received with pleasure the promise of a call. His heart soon resumed its gayety, he returned to his quarters, dressed more carefully, and then, full of hope and love, he sought another residence in this quaint city, and just as Alice and Isabelle were about to obey the summons to the table, Horace entered the room, to the infinite astonishment of both ladies.

Isabelle, the beauty of her countenance increased by joy, advanced to meet him. Alice, without even pronouncing a welcome, glided into another room, and Horace and Isabelle were folded in each others' arms.

"To what am I indebted, dear Horace, for the happiness of this visit?" asked Isabelle.

"To the urgency of war, dear Isabelle," replied Horace. "I am the bearer of dispatches from the Commander-in-Chief."

"To whom?" inquired Isabelle.

"To General Arnold," said Horace, "and I found the mansion garrisoned by fashion; but I was nevertheless constrained to report my business, although I was some hours in gaining an audience. Is Arnold usually so unapproachable?"



"To some he is," said Isabelle, and then added, facetiously, "but you must remember the day and the occasion, and be forbearing in your judgment; besides, it may accord with his notions of discipline to drill into endurance those whom he terms 'subs.'"

"But such an artifice," said Horace, with equal humor, "if often practiced, might operate inversely, and lead to insubordination, especially where such beauty as that of my sweet Isabelle was in abeyance."

"Where is Alice?" cried Isabelle, blushing and turning toward the window as if the flattery just spoken had been unheard; but Alice soon appeared, congratulated Horace upon his arrival, and all proceeded to the dining-room, where Mr. Ormond exhibited no less pleasure at seeing Horace than had the ladies.

The party—four in number—sat down to table, and enlivened the grave necessity of eating, by gay conversation, in which war and fashion, friend and foe, and opulence and poverty were referred to so gracefully as scarcely to appear as rivals. Horace learned, however, that the gentleman with whom he had become so much impressed was named Howard; that his agreeable manners and his talents had created a sensation in the city, and that he was the acknowledged friend of General Arnold. Isabelle also said that he occasionally called on them, having been first introduced by a letter which he brought for Alice from Major André; but here the information was closed by an observation from Mr. Ormond, who exclaimed, in referring to the letter:

"But I should like to know how *he* got it?"

To the ladies the observation seemed abrupt and reflective, and they were much pained. To Horace it was perfectly sound. He wondered how this attractive stranger could become the medium of that enemy with whom the only means of intercourse open on the Highlands was through the preliminaries of white flags. Nothing more was said upon the subject, and soon, the meal being concluded, the party rose and entered another room, where, in song and music, with an occasional sly word of love and a heart filled with devotion, Horace received full compensation for the danger of his ride and the annoying circumstances of the day. He retired late to



his hotel, hoping that the visions of the night would only yield him a tithe of the enjoyments of the evening.

The following morning he repaired to the mansion of General Arnold. He was ushered into the library. The General was there, and received him courteously, without in any way referring to his conduct on the previous day. He appeared fatigued and worn, as if his mind was troubled, and he moved with difficulty, from a wound which he had received in his last battle, and which was still uncured.

"Your force is weak, I find, in the Highlands?" he said, interrogatively.

"Too weak for offensive operations," replied Horace.

"But you have nothing to apprehend from the enemy?" suggested the General.

"When I left the Highlands," said Horace, "it was reported that the Hessians were preparing for an expedition, and it was thought to menace Morristown."

"Indeed," said Arnold, with heightened color, "that does not appear in these dispatches."

"Perhaps," said Horace, "General Washington regards it as an idle rumor."

"If not, I do," said the General, as if that were conclusive. Then, after a pause, he continued: "I have perused these dispatches, and will reply to them; so that, to-morrow, I think, you may hold yourself in readiness to depart."

This was a shorter period than he had hoped, for dearly as he loved his duty, he had expected a few more days of grace that he might pay longer devotions at another shrine. He therefore hastened to Isabelle to inform her that he had but one day to remain. Poor Isabelle was sadly perplexed at this intelligence; but Horace said that he felt grateful for the indulgence already extended to him; and that he would not allow the approaching separation to lessen the measure of his present joy. Isabelle concurred in this philosophy, and both improved the passing hours by vows sacred to their own hearts and ears, until Horace reluctantly quitted his beloved Isabelle to attend to some other matters before his departure.

Upon reaching his hotel, he learned that Mr. Howard had been awaiting his return more than an hour; but, that he had left, writing a note for Horace, which he opened. It was an



invitation—nay an urgent request—that he would dine with him that day. The hour named had nearly arrived. He had promised to rejoin Isabelle in the evening, and he felt that it was most acceptable to his mind to spend the interval in such fascinating society as that of Mr. Howard, whose ready wit and great conversational powers had so delighted him at the General's. He therefore resolved to respond to the note in person. He visited the stables, insured the comfort of his gallant roan, and then ascending to his room, completed his toilet. During all this his mind was occupied with thoughts of the gentleman who sought to entertain him. He concluded that his intimacy with General Arnold was a guarantee for his honor; still, he could not dismiss that brusque question of Mr Ormond as to how he could have become possessed of André's letter, especially as he perceived a significance in the expression of that speaker's face at the time that he could but ill suppress.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE TEMPTATION AND THE ARREST.

HORACE drove to the hotel of Mr. Howard, and, by the attention extended, well understood that he was visiting a guest of distinction—at least for the possession of that *materiel* which will purchase the courtesy salable at an hotel. He was introduced into a handsome apartment, and in a few minutes, Mr. Howard appeared. His person was noble, his voice deep and harmonious, and he advanced toward him, with a smile that seemed irresistible even in man, saying, with an ease and grace that gave each word a force:

"I rejoice in my despair—to use an expression of our merry allies, the French—at the honor you accord me; for when I, by mere chance, understood that I had a rival for your society in one of the fairest of her sex, I felt abandoned."

"Ah, sir," responded Horace with a corresponding spirit, and grasping the proffered hand, "you did not hear of a



certain interval, which I gladly occupy by responding to your call, or you would not have been so hopeless."

"No," said Mr. Howard, "that was concealed to increase the pleasure of this moment."

The dinner was now announced, to partake of which they proceeded to an adjoining room, and were soon seated at table. Mr. Howard was in the gayest spirits. His conversation, like his banquet, was *recherché*, piquant and rare, and Horace listened to him with delight and wonder. There were the wines of Germany and France to induce the appetite, to each variety of which, as he recommended it, he appended some humorous or classic tale, and when the viands were removed and replaced by fruits and the richer juices from the vineyards of Spain and Portugal, he spoke so graphically of those lands of chivalry that Horace imagined himself upon her saffron-covered hills.

Thus passed nearly two hours, when, despite the enchantment of his host, Horace felt the power of a superior magnet and for better guidance referred to his watch. Mr. Howard was not unobservant of this retentiveness of memory in his guest, and very adroitly changed the subject of his conversation to one nearer his heart.

"This is a frightful contest in which you are engaged," commenced Mr. Howard.

"It indeed exposes us to privations which I wish could be averted," replied Horace.

"Is this the sentiment of the Generals on the Highlands?" asked Mr. Howard.

"It distresses them much," said Horace, "to perceive their men rendered inefficient by a deficiency of raiment and by absolute hunger."

"It must be painful for the officers to witness," observed Mr. Howard.

"Exceedingly," answered Horace.

There seemed now to be a slight hesitation on the part of this voluble speaker, but he continued the dialogue, remarking:

"You, no doubt, have suffered also?"

"I have cheerfully shared the deprivations of my comrades," said Horace.



"Is there no remedy suggested for these evils?" asked Mr Howard.

"Patience," replied Horace. "The reward is in the distance."

"I find, my dear friend," said Mr. Howard, smiling archly, "that you are endowed with the hopefulness of youth, and believe in the fallacy of remote recompense, while those of riper years will tell you that they have nearly exhausted their lives in endeavoring to attain this indefinite guerdon without success. But there is a method by which these lean and half-clad warriors might be fed and clothed if it could be adopted."

"Ha! that would be most desirable," said Horace.

"Will you pledge to me your assistance, if I expound to you my theory?" demanded Mr. Howard.

"Most willingly, so far as my poor efforts can be used," said Horace, believing his companion capable of effecting great advantages for his country.

"Under my guidance, your services will be invaluable," said Howard, "and you will participate in the reward of those who influence the decision. You will achieve a noble object and attain wealth and honor."

Howard looked his visitor in the eye, and then determined to make the revelation. Horace sat in the last stage of eagerness to hear, from what he thought a master-mind, that panacea for the sufferings of a brave soldiery, which he had seen more than once ripen into mutiny.

"What is it, my dear friend?" he said, extending his hand across the table, and grasping that of Howard.

"I will first reveal the basis," replied Howard.

"Instantly, my friend," said Horace.

Then Howard, in his deep and mellow voice, his eye keenly directed toward him he thought already won, said, slowly and distinctly:

"The reestablishment of monarchy."

Horace was aghast. The pleasing expression of his face gave place to rage. He cast from him in indignation the hand which he had so proudly clutched, and leaping from the table he exclaimed:

"What villainy is this? What monstrous treason is this with which you insult my principles? You are silent. Rise,



sir, and afford me on the spot the satisfaction I demand for this assault upon my honor—the honor of a soldier, and one of our glorious chief's body-guard."

Howard was at first as much astonished as his guest; but he soon overcame the feeling, and despite the impetuosity of his challenger, he calmly retained his chair, as if the scene afforded him more diversion than serious alarm. But, this derisive conduct only increased the fury of his rival's passion, who, drawing his sword, advanced to force him to the combat. In doing this, the table was upset, and all its burden of fruit and wine and glass was cast upon the floor, producing a terrible crash which echoed through the house, and two or three waiters rushed into the room. There sat the subtle Howard, with the calmness of a man fortified by innocence and unsubdued by wine. In front of him stood the exasperated Horace, with unsheathed sword, calling upon the unarmed man to draw—for Howard had no weapon—and answer to the violence done to his integrity. Beside them both was the prostrate table, the broken glass and china, and the flowing wine. The attendants—wise in their experience—attributed the scene to the fire of their own beverages, and were moving cautiously forward to intercede, when a gentleman entered the room with some authority and demanded the cause of disturbance.

Mr Howard still sat composedly upon his cushioned chair, the waiters looked significantly at each other, the anger of Horace was not abated; but the fragments at their feet seemed to indicate to the stern visitor the nature of the entertainment that had created it.

"Lieutenant Blythe," said the new-comer, "I must request your attention."

Horace heard the authoritative words, turned, and beheld General Arnold. His amazement caused him to be silent.

"Put up your sword, sir," continued the General.

"General," said Horace, "I have that to avenge which—"

"Sir, I can not listen to explanations," said the General, abruptly; "but I must insist upon your word of honor that you will give no further molestation to the gentleman whom you are endeavoring to provoke."



"General," exclaimed Horace, "I only demand that satisfaction—"

"Sir," said the General, severely, "do you comply?"

Horace stood in hesitation, his manner exhibiting an indignation that did not escape the observation of the proud Arnold.

"Mr Howard," resumed the General, with provoking coolness and promptitude, "you will please to accompany me. Lieutenant Blythe, you will consider yourself under arrest until you afford me the security I demand."

The General and Mr Howard instantly retired, and Horace found a sentinel at his door—he was a prisoner. He paced the floor of the apartment in great agitation. He upbraided the dastardly conduct of Howard and the harsh behavior of the General; but they were beyond his voice, and as he began to feel fatigue, sat down by the open window, and felt the influence of the refreshing breeze, his thoughts referred to Isabelle, in whose society he ought then to have been. But he could not give up the vengeance which he owed his tempter, and without this concession he well knew that the General would not remit his arrest, and thus his anticipated happiness was converted into sorrow. While he was deeply lamenting the conclusion of a day so full of hope, the door opened and an officer entered, announcing that he was at liberty to remove to his own hotel, if he was desirous of so doing. He was rejoiced at the opportunity of leaving the room which had such hateful recollections, and he made known this to the officer, who ordered a carriage, and he was conveyed there. No other civility was proffered him; the officer retired, and soon again he heard the tread of the sentinel in the vestibule. The heavy hours of night rolled slowly on and were duly chronicled by the city clocks; but not an instant of that tedious period of darkness was passed by Horace Blythe in sleep. The agitation of his mind prevented all repose, and as he watched from his lonely windows how leisurely the day unfolded its brightness, he thought what a rebuke there was in nature to the impatience of mankind.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE ARREST WITHDRAWN.

AT a very early hour the door of Horace's room was opened. The same officer entered whom he had seen before. He bowed, and stated that he was directed to remove the sentinel, and that, consequently, Horace was free from restraint. He also added that the General wished to see him at nine in the morning.

Horace accepted this tardy reparation of his superior officer, for it contributed to his scheme of vengeance. He had been revolving in his mind how he should meet this Mr. Howard, and now he supposed he ought to esteem the General's clemency as affording him the means. He referred to his watch—it wanted three hours of nine, ample time for preliminaries and results in matters of the field, where the force on either side consisted of but one. He smiled threateningly, placed himself at a writing-table, and wrote the following:

“6 A. M., — HOTEL.

“SIR:—The interruption last evening, which saved you from my sword, placed me in arrest; but I am again free—have been so nearly two minutes—and, as you have engaged my thoughts most of the night, so you have my first attention in the morning. If you have a soul above the coward, come forth. You have assailed my integrity—you have insulted the uniform of a corps which is unsullied, and then hid behind a shield you knew I could not pierce. I have three hours of leisure—from now till nine, when I may be compelled to leave the city; and to a gentleman of prompt courage I need say nothing more upon the urgency of time.

“HORACE BLYTHE,

“*Lieut. Washington's Body Guard.*

“TO — HOWARD, Esq.”

Horace called a messenger, gave him explicit directions, and promised a handsome recompense for care and dispatch, and then sat down to breakfast. The meal lessened his



impatience, refreshed his body, and fortified his mind. With joy he soon saw the return of the bearer of the cartel; he commended his diligence, seized the note from his outstretched hand, opened it in greedy haste, to peruse—his own challenge.

"What means this, sirrah?" exclaimed Horace, with a vehemence that alarmed the porter.

"Sir," said the shuddering man, "the gentleman was not there."

"Not there!" repeated Horace, in redoubled fury.

"No, sir," said the messenger; "he left the city last night, and won't return for some days."

"Craven!" was the only other word that escaped him in the presence of the affrighted man. Horace gave him his reward, and then indulged his bitter feelings. But, notwithstanding his anger and excitement, he was at General Arnold's mansion at the time appointed. The General received him in the library.

"I trust you are recovered from last night's excitement," said the General.

Horace was silent. He felt too indignant to reply. The General, however, did not seem to regard this haughty feeling in a subordinate, and continued:

"I was at the hotel last evening, and just as I was entering my carriage to depart, a report reached me that an officer had drawn his sword upon Mr. Howard, who was in danger of being slain. In the army I maintain a discipline unimpeachable, by which I am enabled to keep around me soldiers always ready for victory. I hastened into the rooms indicated. I there saw the table overthrown, the wine, dessert and glasses upon the carpet, and you with naked sword, and in the utmost excitement, threatening Mr. Howard, who, unarmed and forbearing, seemed scarcely to comprehend the peril to which he was exposed. I attributed the scene to the consequence of wine, and, to prevent the bloodshed upon which you appeared so resolute, I requested you to sheathe your sword; but your violence was unrestrained, and I ordered you into such custody as would insure the safety of both parties. Even then I should have withdrawn the arrest had you pledged your word not further to molest Mr.



Howard ; but this you refused, and I at once left you to your reflections, giving directions that the restraint should be discontinued at six in the morning. Mr. Howard interceded for you, saying that he was compelled to leave the city in an hour, which he did, admitting that both had drank much wine, and that in the midst of your revel he jocosely and ingeniously suggested to you a return to monarchical rule. I severely censured this folly in him, but I trust the lesson will be useful, and that you will not in future allow your temper to be excited, or your principles to be affected by the amusing theories of an eloquent stranger."

Horace listened to this recapitulation of the General with astonishment, and, as he took a hasty retrospect of the scene upon which the General had passed his judgment, he began to think that he had little reason to complain of the harshness of that officer. He could have denied the charge of inebriety ; but the other party, who had been so calm in his villainy as to make it appear like virtue, had ascribed the events of the evening to wine and frolic, and, as he was the elder friend, and the General had witnessed the coolness of the one and the frantic ravings of the other, Horace felt that he had better yield to the circumstances and seem content. So, divesting his mind of all unfriendliness toward the General, concealing from him that he had employed the earliest minutes of his liberty that morning in penning a fruitless challenge to his wily enemy, he was preparing to reply when the General continued :

"There are the dispatches, and, as I have no doubt but that you are always ready for the saddle when duty demands your services, it is my wish that you quit Philadelphia within an hour."

"Sir," replied Horace, "I am ever ready for prompt service, but there are friends in the city with whom I had engaged to pass last evening, and on whom I should like to call before I quit the city."

"May I inquire the names of these friends?" asked the General.

"The Ormonds," said Horace.

"Oh, indeed!" remarked Arnold ; "Mr. Ormond and his fair daughter, and his yet fairer *protegé*. I must yield



something to such claimants on your gallantry. Two hours hence, then, you will be upon the road, and now the period you can pass with your young friends will depend on your diligence. I will not be open to the charge of further detaining you. Farewell."

The General extended his hand, and Horace left his presence convinced that he was pleased to make this atonement for a severity he had felt compelled to enforce on the previous evening.

The instant after Horace had left the library, the distinguished owner sunk into his reading-chair. He appeared to be engaged in troubled thought, and continually raised his hand to his brows as if to relieve them in their pregnancy. At length he said, as the fruit of his meditation, speaking in a low and measured voice :

"He suspects nothing; but Howard must not thus attempt to feel the pulse of the republic through her soldiers, and at the same time associate with me. My reputation requires a little fostering among these watchful, nay, ungrateful people, who, despite the renown that I have contributed to their history, now charge me with supporting my present style of living upon Government frauds. How apt is such injustice to cause a decadence in principles once so dear. It has caused me to form a plan I dare not whisper even to myself, but which will be so mighty in its effects that my most famous enemies will be humbled to penitents."

While the General was thus plotting in his library, Horace Blythe was hastening to the residence of Isabelle. She received him with unbounded joy, but was distressed to hear that his stay in Philadelphia was limited to two hours.

"Where will be your next field of operations?" asked Isabelle, after they had sat some time in conversation.

"We are acting on the defensive, Isabelle," said Horace, "but just as I left, the intelligence had reached our camp that the troops on Staten Island were preparing for active work."

"With what object?" inquired Isabelle.

"It is thought to attack Morristown," said Horace, "which we shall defend to the last extremity."

"Is Jersey again to be your *champ de morts*?" asked Isabelle



"Ay, dear Isabelle," said Horace, "as it is *our champ de Mars*, for its plains have been quite a school for our soldiery, and are as fruitful in incidents in chivalric history as those of old Castile."

"The ruthless Hessians once called Jersey their hunting ground, and the Americans their game; but their insulting merriment was soon changed to gravity, when they were at length compelled to fly before the stricken deer."

"His limits are greatly circumscribed since that boastful day," said Horace. "His gay sport is over, and whenever he ventures from Staten Island, where he hides, he ever finds fearless troops with their faces to the foe."

"When I hear of martial adventures," said Isabelle, "I wish I could bear a lance; but when I hear that you are about to enter upon its dangers, I am sad to despondency, although I would not have you otherwise than a soldier at this period of our country's need, for a life of happiness."

"That is a gallant sentiment, dear Isabelle," said Horace, "and is worthy of our cause; and when our freedom is won, and your dear hand is mine, I will transfer it from my heart, and record it in letters of gold as a lesson to such sweet members as may one day grace our household."

Alice now entered, and relieved the blushing face of Isabelle, by saying:

"I come to speak to you, Horace, upon the subject of my father's sequestered lands. Surely, there is some hope of recovery. He is dead, and I, his only child, am in poverty. To Isabelle I am indebted for food, raiment, and a shelter; and much as I love her, and honor the principles of her generous father, I would not remain her guest another day did I not hope to see that cruel decree reversed. I have thought of one plan: to hasten to the Highlands while Washington is there, and ask if he thinks such mercy as I ask could be extended to a daughter—an orphan-daughter—of his country."

Both Horace and Isabelle approached Alice, each took a hand, and both prepared to speak; but she said, addressing the latter:

"Silence, my Isabelle. You can only repeat what you have so often said, and what you have told me far more



eloquently by your kindness, that I am your sister, and your father's daughter, and that I ought not to revolt against either sisterly or paternal claim. These are the generous sentiments you would urge, and they are acceptable to my heart, and are at this moment immovable from my soul. I am sister to my Isabelle, and daughter to her father: but it is in love. There is an innate feeling belonging to our nature from our birth, of self-reliance, of independence—"

"Tut! tut! tut!" exclaimed Mr. Ormond, suddenly entering the apartment. "What is the matter, Alice? Are you a prisoner, that Horace has seized one hand, and Isabelle the other? Release my poor daughter instantly, and when she has related to me her sorrows, I will inflict a punishment that will prevent any repetition of the offense."

"Ah, my dear sir," said Alice, "you well know how impossible it is for Isabelle or Horace to speak an unkind word to me; but I will not conceal from you that I was attempting to interest Horace on the subject of my claim to my father's property."

"I have some interest with General Washington," said Mr. Ormond, "and will use it for your advantage, Alice. A few words with you, Horace, or, perhaps, we will defer it until the evening."

"I received my orders at nine this morning to leave Philadelphia at eleven," said Horace.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Ormond; "with what frightful rapidity you military men do move. Why, you leave the parlor for the battle-field, and the battle-field for eternity, with as much *sans froid*—for, now that the French are among us, I suppose we must use a little of their language—as I should read the event in a newspaper. Isabelle, never marry a soldier," he said, slyly. "But," he continued, pulling Horace toward another part of the room, which Isabelle observing, led Alice to the window, "can you mention this affair to the General? Tell him that Alice is an orphan, without a cent, but with feelings and beauty worthy of a scepter. Tell him that the recovery of her father's property is life or death to her; that she is the daughter of Manuel Faith, and that I am Miles Ormond; that if he remembers the errors of the one, he must not forget the favors of the other; that I advanced



Mr. Morris the last twenty thousand dollars with which his troops were shod, clothed and fed, and that I will not refuse him another for the same purpose. These may be some of the inducements, but there is another: *I will buy the land.* Let them put a price upon it, and I will pay down the money, and save this poor girl's happiness; but, she must never know it." Then, knocking his walking-cane with force upon the floor in affectation of an excitement which might deceive Alice, he added: "There, sir, use these arguments properly, and I think they ought to succeed;" and he quitted the room.

For some minutes Horace could not speak, so deeply was he affected at the magnanimity and munificent offer of the worthy patriot. The tears rushed to his eyes, and he was compelled to pretend to be greatly interested at something in the street, which he could not see. Soon he said:

"Mr. Ormond has generously authorized me to use his name in your behalf to the Commander-in-Chief, and I know he has an interest with the General that will not be disregarded."

Alice was content; and, under the pretense of searching for her benefactor, she quitted the room.

Isabelle watched her receding form, and then exclaimed:

"Oh! what exquisite grace of form and person. Horace, know you any thing fairer in nature than Alice Faith? But, ah! I will not permit you to reply. It is but tempting you to flattery. Poor girl! she is devoted to the recovery of these lands of her father, which seem to me unattainable; and I sometimes think that her profound attachment to the gay and handsome Briton will be productive of as little satisfaction."

Time had passed rapidly onward, and Horace now found himself constrained to leave. He found Alice and Mr. Ormond together in the garden, pressed their hands almost in silence, and then returned to Isabelle. He folded her to his heart, and she shuddered as she remembered the danger of his profession, and that she might never again feel its rapid pulses. Isabelle was almost fainting. Horace advanced to the window and saw the thoughtful Alice coming up the garden-path. A slight motion quickened her step, and Horace rushed from the house, leaving Isabelle to her care.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE RETURN TO CAMP.

HORACE left Isabelle to the care of Alice, and, with a heart almost inclined to rebel against the severity of duty, he hastened to the stable, where his horse stood saddled, and leaping upon his back, he was galloping through the streets within the two short hours to which he was limited by the General. His mind abjured all but solitude, and he soon reached those wild and lonely paths so dear to meditation, and where he could look back upon and enjoy anew those halcyon scenes from which he had been forced. The day was bright and calm—a gentle breeze came from the southwest, enough to excite the voice of nature, which spoke in fitful murmurs as it wafted through the foliage of the trees. The fiery steed, rendered doubly impetuous from his lengthy rest, was impatient to stretch his supple limbs by rapid motion, and threw up his lofty crest, and champed his bit, as his noble rider restrained his eagerness. Thus he passed along the high ground that skirted the plain, pursuing for some distance the route that Washington had done when he so assiduously watched the British army as it marched to the field of Monmouth.

Neither the agony of separation, nor the tendency to thought, so far engrossed the mind of Horace as to erase his duty. He still maintained a watchful eye on all around, and had the prudence to avoid the forest which had so nearly proved fatal to his life. Thus, he met with no new adventure, reached the Highlands safely, and proceeded to General Washington's quarters. Both horse and rider were somewhat jaded, for a long journey through an unpeopled country was not calculated to improve the condition of either, and they arrived at the commander's residence in Newburgh well-prepared for rest and refreshment.

"I thank you for your diligence," said Washington, as he received the papers. "I perceive that you are in no state to listen to me now · but let me see you here in the evening."



When Horace presented himself as desired, he saw by the lightness of the General's eye, that there were sparks of thought not less brilliant in his mind. He read there the foundation of some military enterprise, and he hoped to gain more knowledge by closely studying the proceedings of the day. Soon he was commanded to prepare to accompany the General across the Highlands. General Wayne was also of the party, and two other officers besides Horace. The journey was to be performed by land, and through the defiles, but whither, nothing transpired to enlighten Horace. Generals Washington and Wayne rode together and were deeply engaged in conversation.

At length they reached a position on these romantic heights which afforded them a view of all surrounding objects, and here they paused. The view was magnificent. Rival peaks were towering in emulative beauty, while the remoter Catskill, imperial in their grandeur, rose above them all. At their feet flowed the noble Hudson—a river so hoary that there is no record of its age—of that period when Neptune, driving through the mountains in his car, divided the iron rock, leaving a channel by which his subject waters should contribute to the mightiness of ocean.

But these stern warriors came not as artists to the scene. Their attention was bestowed upon a hill, that jutted into the river, having on its opposite side a marsh, over which was but one muddy path, and that only fordable at low tide. On this hill was a fort, commanding the river, and lower down the declivity were works and guns, which threatened all with destruction who dared to cross the marsh unprivileged. The fort was called Stony Point. It was occupied by the English, and well armed and garrisoned; but Horace saw that this was to be attacked, and was appalled at the desperate nature of the undertaking.

"Can you take it, General?" at length asked Washington, after gazing some time in silence upon that formidable mass so skillfully appointed.

"Upon *your* planning, General," replied Wayne with energy, "I would storm a stouter fort than that with demons on the ramparts."

"A smile lighted the whole visage of General Washington, as he grasped the arm of Wayne, exclaiming:



"Then we will have it."

Horace, however, was so excited with what he heard and saw, that the approach of a stranger had escaped his notice, until he heard a voice, addressed to the Generals, saying:

"Yes, Generals, that's a troublesome spot."

Both officers looked at the speaker, but neither replied.

"That 'ere stone," resumed the intruder, pointing to the fort, "ought to be rolled out of what I call the gateway of the hill country."

Horace listened with astonishment as he recognized in the speaker Gideon Godbold. He took not the slightest notice of Horace; but seemed determined to extract some reply from the Generals, to whom he addressed his observations. They were annoyed that an utter stranger, and possibly a spy, should thus impertinently intrude upon their privacy, when his remarks assumed a somewhat bolder form:

"There is difficulties," he continued, "some of which I can, and some I can't remove. Now, you must get at 'em on the sly; but *that's* difficult. There is sentinels you don't see—they're allus awake—allus on the watch—and the garrison and the sentinels you see, ha' confidence in 'em and listen for their voices. "Ha," he continued, seeing both Generals unconsciously direct their eyes beyond the marsh, "them is not to be seen; but jist walk toward that marsh at night and ye'll hear sich cries of warning as 'ill make them sentinels prick their ears and fire their guns."

"Who are you?" demanded Wayne.

"I'm Gideon Godbold."

"And what is your object here?" inquired Wayne, angrily.

"Jist to offer my sarvices," replied Gideon. "Jist to state that ef you intend to take that fort, I can perform three parts in the 'venture and gi' ye advice besides."

"And pray, what are these parts?" asked Wayne, scarcely able to restrain his temper, but determined that Gideon should not depart.

"First," said Gideon, drawing a dagger from his hilt, upon which all but Horace kept their eyes, "I'll with my own hand cut the throats of all them sentinels that I was speaking of—fifty in number—which p'raps you might think *my* share of blood; but *I* don't; secondly, I'll lead you across



that there muddy path, for, without *some* guide you'll all be swamped; thirdly, as I shall begin the night with blood so I'll end, and fight by your sides till we pull down the Britishers' flag. My advice is, let the hour of attack be early night instead of early morning."

All—soldiers as they were, and accustomed to the flow of blood—were horrified at the cool manner in which this seeming gladiator suggested the sacrifice of fifty lives by his own hand as a prelude to the exploit. Washington, hitherto a listener, had turned from him in disgust; and Horace, fearing some derangement in his mind, was about to intercede in his behalf, when Wayne proposed to him another question:

"Pray, what reward do you expect for this Herculean labor?" he said.

"The approval of that there glorious patriot and soldier that's jist turned his back on me," said Gideon.

"Your terms are extortionate," replied Wayne; "but we may think of some other mode of doing you justice, so we will retain you as our prisoner."

"Them terms ain't suitable to *me*, General," replied the undisturbed Gideon; "so p'raps Lieutenant Blythe'll be kind enough to say that he don't think me worthy o' bein' among your captives."

Horace responded at once to the appeal. At the sound of his name General Washington again faced the party, to whom Horace advanced, saying:

"I am at a loss to comprehend the extraordinary language which this Gideon Godbold has just uttered; but I believe him to be an unflinching friend to his country and its cause. I owe to him my life. When I bore your dispatches to Philadelphia, I was assailed by a band of murderers in the forest, and was delivered from my peril by the intrepid conduct of this man. He was then unknown to me; but, perceiving that I wore a uniform devoted to your service, he determined either to rescue me from death or die with me."

A grateful feeling instantly beamed in that benevolent eye, which was always perceptible whenever that great man saw exemplified in the humbler class a spirit of devotion to his country. He signed to Horace to speak to Gideon, to whom he thought he would be more communicative.



"What makes you think," said Horace, "that there is any thought of attacking a fortress so strong as that before us."

"Partly 'cause I wish to see it took," replied Gideon; "but more 'cause I ha' seen the General a good deal here lately, and now, cause I see that he's brought the right man to do't," and he significantly pointed to General Wayne.

"And what made you imagine," continued Horace, "that the Commander-in-Chief would consent that such an enterprise should be prefaced by the deliberate assassination, in the dead of night, of an entire picket of fifty men."

"A picket of what?" exclaimed the amazed Gideon.

"Of men," replied Horace.

"I didn't say men," said Gideon.

"What meant you then," demanded Horace.

"Dogs!" exclaimed Gideon.

"Dogs!" repeated every one but Washington, who could not control his laughter.

"Admirable," exclaimed Wayne; "you shall be appointed to the expedition, and in atonement for my suspicion of your faith, you shall be provost-marshal, guide and soldier of that night."

They soon left the ground, merrily discussing the incident, and expressing their confidence in the fidelity of Gideon, which Horace much strengthened by relating his heroic conduct in the forest.

The eventful night arrived. Unflinching men had been chosen for the work, and Horace was one of this fearless band. The hazard was great, and no less a punishment than death was ascribed to him who should make the slightest infraction upon the orders issued. They advanced under cover of the darkness, and so effectually had Gideon discharged his duty, that not a bark or howl disturbed the stillness of that stealthy march. They arrived at the marsh, secured the sentinels, and pursued their noiseless course along the only path across the tide-swept swamp. The fort was reached. The men took one glance behind. The tide was rising—the marsh was one sheet of water, and the causeway was submerged by the tide! There was no retreat; it was victory or death. It fired their courage; and when, at this moment, their presence was discovered by the enemy, they proved their



launtlessness by rushing up the acclivity. The aroused garrison poured down upon them a storm of grape-shot. Horace led a company. His followers knew the motto of his corps, from which no member dared to recede—"Conquer or die;" they remembered, too, the flowing waters in their rear, and how impossible was escape, and they rushed on like lions—clambered the abattis like wolves; then, pouring in frightful array into the fort, drove all before them, at the point of the deadly bayonet. The enemy surrendered. Down came the British flag, and up went the cheers of victory—so loud, so resonant, that they appalled the crews of the war-vessels reposing below the fortress in the river, and were heard with no less consternation by the British garrison of the opposite fort at Verplanck's Point. When the morning revealed to the mariners that the British flag no longer floated over the ramparts, they raised anchors and quickly dropped down the river out of range of British guns manned by American soldiers.

Once Horace was struck by a bullet, as he was climbing the abattis which led to the fort; but, sustained by Gideon, he recovered, and again headed his gallant followers to partake the glories of the triumph.

Military authorities, who would have condemned the wildness of the conception, now extolled the greatness of the achievement, and saw in it one of those boasts of genius in the illustrious Washington, that occasionally dazzled both friend and enemy by its luster. The renown of the exploit thundered through the land; but, the sweetest reflection to the mind of Horace was the proud satisfaction with which his beloved Isabelle would perceive his name among the *1st* of those who participated in the *capture of Stony Point*.



## CHAPTER VII

## THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

THE intelligence of the capture of the fort at Stony Point reached Philadelphia. Isabelle treasured in her memory every word upon the subject that escaped from the many military men who visited her father, as a theme for her heart to feed on, when in solitude. Thus passed many months, the luster of her beauty seeming to increase with the radiance shed upon the name of Horace.

But, Alice was often pensive and sad—her eye was less bright, and the hue upon her cheek was observed to be more pale than it was wont. *Her* heart was far away in the enemy's camp. She loved her country's foe, still loved not less her country. At the time she pledged her love to André he was then a Captain; now he was Adjutant-General, and the esteemed friend of the powerful Clinton; but, despite her truth of heart, she had determined never to give a dowerless hand to the distinguished Englishman. Horace had written that the application to Washington could not be entertained at that time; but, that early attention should be given to it, at which Mr. Ormond peevishly remarked, in defiance of Isabelle, that if he had been half as good a diplomatist as he was a soldier, the thing would have been accomplished. He resolved, however, to pursue the matter through some other agency, and Alice was not less determined to apply for the sequestrated properties in person. This intention was strengthened by the circumstance of the appointment of General Arnold to the command of West Point, and by a promise abstracted from both Alice and Isabelle, by the young wife of the General, that they would both visit her in what she termed her isolation.

At this period a letter was received from Horace, stating that Sir Henry Clinton, the English commander, had returned to the South, and was keeping him night and day in the saddle. He was again destroying houses, property, and even villages in both Connecticut and Jersey. These ravages the



British General called *feints*—the fruits of his peculiar genius in warfare—ruinous to the sufferers, but vastly amusing to the plotter.

“Our force,” said Horace, “is insufficient for all points, therefore we can only guard one or two, and we have no doubt that when he has burnt and pillaged all that is conveniently within his reach, and has so exasperated the people he is making homeless that they may turn upon him in their madness—that he will concentrate his incendiaries and march upon West Point or Morristown. I am posted between the two, so that I shall have the satisfaction of soon avenging some of their brutal work.”

At the very moment that Isabelle was reading this epistle, Horace was upon the field of blood. The enemy under Knyp-hausen had advanced to Springfield, pillaged the village, and burnt almost every dwelling; but here they encountered retribution. The homeless inhabitants joined the troops and fought desperately for the recovery of what was still in the hands of these plunderers. As Horace was moving to the attack, he perceived a man mounted upon a horse of the enemy, as if he were awaiting his approach. As he dashed on to the charge, this horseman joined the troop, crying:

“Captain Blythe, I am agin your soldier. I ha’ got a horse. His rider—one o’ the enemy—left his saddle at my order,” and he touched significantly the pistol holster, “and the brute ha’ consented to fight on the side o’ liberty.”

It was the gallant Gideon who thus spoke. Having slain a British dragoon, he had pressed his steed into the service of the Americans, and now urged him to the combat against his old associates.

Both armies were furious. The bereft inhabitants of the village rendered material aid to the American troops. They armed themselves with every weapon that could maim or kill, and fought with frantic rage; and even the boys, affected by the wailing of their mothers and sisters, seized upon the arms of every man who fell, and joined fearlessly in the carnage. The veteran troops of England began to feel the severity of vengeance, when a cry arose among the Americans that their cartridge-paper was all gone. The indomitable Gideon, fruitful in resource, replied with the cheer of:



"Steady boys, and I'll supply you!"

And while Horace charged the enemy with his horse, that he might not perceive this want, Gideon spurred to a church at a short distance. He reached the edifice, leaped from his saddle through the window, and disappeared. All wondered if Gideon could have thus martially retired to prayer at this eventful moment when defeat or victory seemed to hang on paper, and while they feverishly watched the place of ingress, Gideon reappeared, bearing two enormous forage-bags, filled with books, and with the speed of lightning, he rejoined the combatants. Distributing among them a supply of the deficient material, he exclaimed, as the firing was renewed, and the music of destruction inspired his feelings:

"Exorcise 'em, boys, *exorcise* 'em!"

As his facetiousness warmed, and he gave to the unflinching soldiery the various pages of his stolen library, he vociferated:

"Give 'em Revelations, boys; that'll teach 'em judgment, I guess. Put Watts into 'em and try their taste for psalmody. What! do they sing? Then give 'em double charges short meter! There's the Book of Exodus for *your* cartridge."

A shout—loud, glorious and triumphant—rose into the air with the smoke from this famous volley. The enemy yielded, and, to make the victory yet more complete, down thundered upon the foe the watchful Horace with his cavalry. The astonished British, before half their strength, and a crowd of desperate men and boys, were compelled to retreat.

Above the almost deafening cheers the voice of Gideon was again heard:

"Now there's the ashes o' your houses," said he, pointing to the smouldering ruins; "all you've yet gained is them, except revenge and victory—they fellers ha' got the plunder. Let's arter 'em, boys, and get back the chattels."

The men assented with a cheer. The boys, grown stern by battle, sprung forward with a poignant cry—and the enemy was so closely and vigorously followed, that they were but too happy to purchase greater speed by abandoning all their booty.

By this triumph the stores at Morristown were saved, and the British discouraged from attempting any conquest up the Hudson.



Horace acquired so much honor in this engagement, that he made it the theme of a communication to Isabelle, dispatched by special messenger, although he well knew that the most welcome assurance to her would be that of his safety.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE WITHERED MESSENGER.

ONE lovely evening, Isabelle sat in the room usually occupied by herself and Alice. The moon had assumed the duties of the sun, cheering the garden with its pale light, gracing the gloominess of night, and bestowing a sweetness on meditation. The flowers, in tribute of gratefulness to nature, had scattered their fragrance in the air, and the birds, the insects and the reptiles, to which mysterious Wisdom had assigned the night, had begun their revel. Still the lovely Isabelle mused. Her thoughtful brow rested upon her fair hand, supported by her arm, which was encircled by the dark tresses of her hair. Alice advanced from among the moonbeams in the garden, ascended the few light steps, and entered the room. She regarded the pensive beauty with some alarm, and at length gently touched her. Isabelle turned instantly around, and exclaimed:

"My Alice, you here? I did not see you enter."

"My dear girl," said Alice, smiling, "what can thus have occupied your mind? Thrice have I passed through the room, each time lingering, unnoticed, at your side, while you were insensible to my presence."

"Well, I do admit my thoughts were of Horace, and of the coming battle," replied Isabelle.

"I, too," said Alice, "have been walking among lights and shadows, but they were those of the pale moon."

"Polish them with hope, dear Alice," said Isabelle, "and they will become luminous as the sun."

"Have you been polishing with this elixir?" asked Alice archly.



"I use it lavishly," replied Isabelle, "or how could I support this tranquillity, with Horace continually in the field. I—"

The entry of a servant prevented the conclusion of this reply. He stated that an old man was desirous of speaking personally with Miss Ormond.

"Pray, invite him here," said Isabelle.

The aged visitor entered. He approached very slowly, bowed lowly to the ladies, and then seemed glad to take the seat to which he was invited. His hair was completely blanched, and his ample beard, of equal whiteness, descended upon his breast, giving to him an appearance of so much veneration that both ladies regarded him with awe. He was originally tall, but much bent by years, and his voice seemed not less feeble than his legs.

"Welcome, good father," said Isabelle, with a smile; "whatever may be the object of this visit, it is granted. I have a reverence for age like yours, that prevents me from refusing aught that it asks."

"I come from a brave officer, lady," said the visitor, "to tell you that he is safe, and to deliver this letter."

Isabelle took the letter. It was from Horace.

"Has there been a battle, and is he safe?" exclaimed Isabelle.

"Yes," replied the messenger, "there's bin a fight—a stoutish brush, I guess, though I don't s'pose that he's told you there half what he did, for there's mighty little written."

Isabelle was not listening to these remarks, which were uttered in the low and quivering speech of age. She had opened the note, run her eye hastily from top to bottom, and pressed it between her hands in profound joy and thankfulness.

"You are indeed the harbinger of welcome news," said Isabelle. "But how is it that you, sir, so aged, feeble and incapable of travel, should be the first to bring such glorious intelligence to this distant city?"

"Well, these victories over the Britishers," said the messenger, "is a sort of ile to my old limbs, and make me feel young agin. Then I know the whole country and the near



ways. And then I made haste, 'cause 'twas to a lady, and now that I ha' seen you, I guess I'm well paid."

Both Alice and Isabelle smiled at the flattering compliment attempted by the sage, who was not indisposed to join in the mirth he thus created, as he sat upon a chair, with his bent form supported by grasping with both hands a huge club, which rested upon the carpet.

"You must need rest and refreshment, my good father," said Isabelle, kindly, "and you must be our guest until your departure."

"I 'ont refuse your hospitality," replied the messenger, "but I'm active o' my years, and must soon be off agin. I guess, too," added he, rather more gayly than he had before spoken, "that the Captain'll expect to hear how you take this here victory, and I'd like to oblige him, seein' that he's about as smart a young feller as ever I see'd draw a sword."

Isabelle blushed, and felt a degree of pride to hear Horace thus referred to; and, being anxious to supply the poor old traveler with refreshments without further delay, she led the way to an apartment, and gave the necessary directions, and the servants testified no little astonishment at the rapacity of so aged a man, who, they thought, must have traveled from the seat of war on nothing but the hope of what he might procure at the end of his journey.

Some time afterward Mr. Ormond returned home. There was a smile upon his face which was pregnant with intelligence, but his tongue was silent. He placed himself in his easy-chair. He looked up at the ceiling, down at the polish on his boots, and significantly at Isabelle, and at length exclaimed:

"Glorious news, Isabelle."

"Another battle?" suggested Isabelle.

Mr. Ormond nodded assent, as if that was a natural conclusion.

"Which was fought at Springfield, won by our soldiers, and where the name of Horace Blythe is not the most inconsiderable of the heroes" added Isabelle.

Mr. Ormond leaped from his chair in amazement. This prescience in his daughter was incomprehensible to him.



"Whence learned you this?" he exclaimed.

"From an oracular tongue, dear father," replied Isabelle, gayly, "still in the house, which may be found in the lesser dining-room, and which, if propitiated, may again be induced to speak."

Without uttering another word, he rushed to the apartment, but paused at the open door, for in front of him sat a venerable figure, whose hair was of the whiteness and the growth of ages, and which seemed to him like a deity of mythology.

"Worthy friend," said Mr. Ormond, advancing, "my daughter tells me that you have certain intelligence of the great battle just fought at Springfield. Some account of it has reached this city; but perhaps your information affords more particulars."

"My knowledge begun with the first shot, and ended with the last," said the messenger; "and if you ha' the wish to hear it, I've all the will to tell it."

Mr. Ormond joyfully accepted the liberal offer, and during the quaint but graphic narration, he many times interrupted the messenger with the vehemence of his delight.

"You have made such honorable mention of every prominent man in this gallant fight, that you will excuse me for naming one whom you seem to have forgotten—one Gideon Godbold."

"Ah, Gideon," said the messenger, somewhat confused at this correction; "yes, he was there."

"A laughable incident is told of this bold fellow in the dispatches, in having exorcised the enemy through our guns until they fled."

"Yes, Gideon did that" said the messenger.

"Do you know this Gideon?" asked Mr. Ormond.

"I have known him from his boyhood."

"Is it the same who behaved so bravely at Stony Point?" inquired Mr. Ormond.

"The same," replied the messenger.

"Then he ought to be rewarded in some distinguished manner," said Mr. Ormond, with great energy. "He is an honor to the country, whose cause he has advocated so courageously. I hope one day to thank him personally."



"I'll tell him, sir, I'll tell him," exclaimed the aged messenger, with a vigor of voice and flash of the eye that reminded his hearers of the force of his youth; "that's the distinction he wants—the approbation of his brother patriots."

In such conversation as this, congenial to the hearts of host and guest, sat for some hours the aged traveler and Mr. Ormond, until Isabelle reminded her father not only of the lateness of the hour, but of the immense fatigue that their visitor must have undergone, and soon they retired to rest; and while Isabelle, in the visions of her golden slumber, saw the crown of victory placed on the brow of Horace by no less a potentate than Fame, Alice sat in her lonely chamber revolving in her mind a plan of inducing the sage to guide her to the ear of Washington.

In the morning the messenger announced that he was thoroughly recovered from his toil, and that he must retrace his path to the Highlands on the following day. He was courteously inflexible in his resolution, which Mr. Ormond, who had vainly attempted to defeat it, attributed to an obstinacy inherent to great age, and therefore he yielded to what he termed an endemic.

Later in the day, when Isabelle and her father were from home, Alice, perceiving the messenger in a retired arbor in the garden, joined him.

"You are resolved to return to-morrow, good father?" said Alice, interrogatively, as she seated herself beside him.

"Yes, lady," he replied.

"Are there no dangers on the journey," she continued, "that you, so incapable of defense, so fearlessly undertake it?"

"There are dangers, lady," replied the messenger, "but they're mostly from thieves and rogues, which are 'most as plentiful in the forest as the trees; howsomever, I escape some by my poverty, some by my age, and some by my contrivances."

"Could you guide a companion through these perils, as poor, though not so aged as yourself?"

"Yes; but I should like a crackter wid him, for he might be one I wouldn't trust"



"Myself, for instance?" suggested Alice.

The messenger gave so violent a start, that Alice feared it would shake his old frame most seriously; but, although he appeared to receive no injury from the shock, he did not speak.

"You are silent, father," resumed Alice; "do you hesitate to afford me your protection?"

"No, lady," said the old man; "but I do hesitate how I plunge you into danger. The journey is long and difficult, through forests, over swamps, across deep sands, and along pointed rocks; these alone are bad enough to a lady used to the gentle treatment of a house like this; but then there are bands of skimmers and cow-boys, and other thieves, and when you travel by night and hide by day to escape them, ye take every step in fear of the beasts of prey that howl around you."

"Still, father," said the undaunted Alice, "your hair has grown white amidst these perils, and sure if age can struggle against them, I need not fear the trial."

"I've bin used to hardship and woodcraft all my life," replied the messenger, "and can nestle in a bush or on the edge of a swamp for a night as comfortably as in a bed; but you're beautiful and tender, and ain't fitted to sich rough couches."

"Father," said Alice, solemnly, "I do not repose upon my own couch. I am a penniless orphan, though kindly sustained by these dear friends around me. I am the daughter of one who, for his attachment to the British crown, had his estate sequestrated by Congress. That parent died, and it is to implore the great Washington to use his influence with Congress to prevent the consequences of a father's error from being visited upon his portionless child that I ask your protection to the Highlands. Refuse me, and I am again reduced to a distant suppliant, unless I journey there alone." Alice was deeply affected as she made this explanation to the stranger, which was not unobserved by him nor unfelt, for without further hesitation he exclaimed:

"I'll guide you. I'll guard you with my life—"

At that instant Isabelle made her appearance in the garden, and Alice, giving the aged father a look of gratitude, pressed her finger upon her lip, and the subject was discontinued.



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE PERILS OF THE FOREST.

THE morning following the interview in the garden, Isabelle, with a heart so buoyant that it gave birth to continual smiles, was the first to appear in the breakfast-room. Then came her father, which was unusual, for Alice, except in case of illness, and that severe, was ever there to receive him. Surprise and apprehension were testified by both, and a servant was summoned to ascertain the cause of Alice's absence, who soon returned, stating that she had quitted her room, but upon her dressing-room table was a note addressed to Isabelle. She took it hastily, unfolded it, and read the following :

"Farewell, beloved Isabelle, farewell for a few weeks. I can take no other leave of you. I know you would dissuade me from my undertaking, and I fear your influence. I this evening leave the luxury of your house for the forest, where I must be content to shelter until I reach the feet of Washington, whom I will personally supplicate to intercede for the reversal of that cruel decree which dooms to beggary the daughter of a wealthy father, because he, not I, was opposed to revolution. I am under the guidance of the venerable Mercury, who will doubtless lead me by the safe and less distant route which enabled him, despite the infirmities of age, to precede in his intelligence the courier to Congress.

"ALICE."

Isabelle read the note aloud. Expressions of astonishment and sorrow escaped both father and daughter, and each asked the other what steps could be taken for her return. They agreed to dispatch several horsemen different routes ; but they returned unsuccessful, and they felt they could only await with patience further intelligence. Isabelle was greatly distressed at the occurrence, and immediately advised Horace of the circumstance, begging him to use every effort in his power to gain intelligence of her.

In the mean time Alice and the sage were upon the road. At an early hour, when all were in repose, they had hastened



through the city, and had reached a hill at some distance when the sun gilded its lofty spires with his early rays. The old man paused, and invited Alice to look back upon the city from the height.

"Lady," said he, "think agin, while your home is in your eye. There is safety and comfort—in the forest to which we're goin' is danger and wretchedness. We've plenty o' time to enter the house agin afore any one is up."

"Had I not been firm in my resolution," said Alice, "I should not have applied to you for guidance. I have no fear of the path nor of the difficulties which encompass it; therefore, my good old guardian, lead forward."

"I will, fair lady," replied the old man, with readiness: "and Heaven is my witness how faithfully I'll serve you."

Satisfaction and gratitude beamed in the countenance of Alice as she heard the trembling voice of the devoted traveler repeat these words. On they trudged, and soon quitted the ordinary roads for a more private and obscure route in the wilderness. Through lonely woods and over deserted plains they toiled, the strength of Alice supported by her hopeful mind; but the guide was scrupulously careful of his charge, and while she was proceeding with the utmost cheerfulness, he suggested breakfast, and they sat beside a stream to partake of it. The meal was humble compared with the viands, fruits and coffee, served in silver, to which she had been accustomed, but the appetite and contentment of the guests made it seem a banquet.

They continued walking and resting through the day, and when the declining sun gave them notice of approaching night, the guide looked around for some suitable resting-place for his charge, when a light, shining brightly among the trees of the forest, arrested his attention. It proved to be a cottage, and the old man, desirous to procure the best accommodation for Alice that he could, determined to violate his ordinary wary policy, and apply for shelter. The door was open, and by it stood a woman, whose face was half-enveloped by a handkerchief, as if to conceal her unusual ugliness.

"Good woman," said the guide, "can you afford shelter to myself and daughter, as we're goin' to the Highlands to see my son?"



The woman looked fiercely at them both, and then replied.

"You're old and she's young, or I should refuse you, for a lone woman must be careful who she lets into her house now-a-days, I guess; but come in."

Alice and the sage entered with the hostess, who, after minutely examining them, which curiosity was equally apparent in the sage:

"Ye seem dacent folks," said the woman, after her guests were seated; "but you're an idiot, old man, to bring your daughter to a neighborhood like this."

"I would come," interposed Alice, in order to defend the propriety of her supposed parent.

"You would come, would you," replied the woman, with a malicious grin; "well, you may find that your pretty face 'll be as dangerous to you in the forest, as it is a matter of pride and vanity to you in the city."

A blush passed over the face of Alice as the crone made this remark; but she did not reply. Alice felt uneasy. The uncouth manners of the woman, despite her seeming efforts to be civil, caused a timidity in Alice she could not control, and she thought that she perceived some uneasiness in her worthy guide when the woman barred and secured the outer door. When she had made all safe, she approached the fire, took from the steaming pot some savory meat, and placing it upon the dishes which were already spread, she invited both to eat, and began herself. The suspicions of the aged man seemed to abate before the vapors of the feast, and he ate to a degree that told of previous hunger, and even Alice could not resist the tempting bait, and partook sparingly of the meal, though frequently invoked to do more justice to the viands.

When the feast had ended, and the guide and hostess sat back in their chairs in that peculiar manner which is thought to aid digestion, there were heard suddenly footsteps, voices, and then a thundering at the door. The woman leaped up in alarm. The sage displayed a vigor quite foreign to his years, and boldly placed himself in front of Alice, as if he had confidence in his single arm. But he watched the woman more closely than the entrance, as if he suspected that the greater enemy was within. But the crone now whispered, as she pointed to a door:



"That leads to a room—go in—but remember that your lives depend upon your silence."

The sage did not object. He retreated to the room, and made fast the door with all the bolts upon it. He then remained there, in order the better to ascertain whether the newcomers were friends or strangers. He soon saw, with alarm, that they were in nothing better than a robber's den, and he could distinguish, through the chinks in what he might now term his prison-door, that the crone was signaling to her mates who sat at supper, that she had two victims in her power. The old man was almost in despair, as he surveyed the villainous faces that composed the party, consisting of four brigands, fully armed. He knew that their thirst for blood and plunder would soon induce them to burst into the room where he and Alice were confined. He quitted the door, and looked around the apartment in which they were. It was small, and had but one window near the ceiling, and this was well secured with iron bars. There were two chairs in the room, upon one of which Alice had dropped, unconscious of her danger. The old man placed the unoccupied chair beneath the window, leaped up, tore down the iron bars, and then assuring himself that the noise had not disturbed the inmates, and begging Alice to remain and place confidence in him, he descended into the forest.

Alice was astounded at what she had just witnessed. The activity of the aged traveler, under the excitement of the moment, was greater than any of the feats of youth she had ever seen exhibited; but, while she was thus wondering at his marvelous agility, an attempt was made to open the door. It resisted, for it was strongly barred. Then the old crone, in a voice rendered more hideous by its affected kindness, said:

"Open the door, friend, all is safe now. They are gone."

Alice knew that it was false, for she had an instant earlier heard whispering voices. She, therefore, said nothing. But the hag was infuriated by this silence, and threatened to burst the door, and one heavy blow had already been struck without success, when a shriek so terrible rung through the silent forest that Alice sunk in awe upon the chair from which she had risen, and which so appalled the hardy assailants at the



door that she distinctly heard the bludgeon they had used fall upon the floor. Again and again those awful sounds reverberated with thrilling fullness through the woods, as if they recorded some frightful catastrophe. Nothing was heard in the house but the echoes of these cries, until the painful quietness was broken by the hoarse voice of one of the villains exclaiming, in consternation:

"It's the Mohawk whoop. They are on the trail for blood, and no doubt are after us—let us get out, boys, and see their numbers that we may know what we've got to do."

The outer door soon opened, and Alice heard the sound of heavy feet, as if the thieves had passed into the forest to reconnoiter the approaching foe. Presently there was another source of alarm, for the figure of a man appeared at the window, and without uttering a word dropped into the room. Poor Alice rushed in affright to the most distant corner, whence she perceived, with delight, the moonbeams shining upon the silver head of her venerable protector.

"We must leave this house," he said; "'tis one of danger."

He unbarred the door, and signed to Alice to follow him into the room where they had supped. There still stood the crone, with glaring eye and savage expression in her face.

"I come to thank you for your protection," said the old man, "and as the night is fine we'll continue our journey."

"Foolish old man," exclaimed the woman in a fury, placing herself in the door-way, "are you no wiser in your gray hairs? Don't you know that to venture beyond this threshold is death? Them are the whoops o' the Indians in search for scalps?"

Alice shuddered at this allusion to the fate which awaited her and her aged defender, and was about to urge him not to tempt this danger, when he said, addressing his host:

"Whatever the peril may be, we'll meet it in the forest."

He then attempted to move forward; but the woman, with a contemptuous look, spread her bulky and masculine form yet more defiantly before the door, when the old man, with the flash of the lion in his eye, and an impulsive vigor in his arm, cried:

"Out o' the way, you hag!" and seizing her by the throat, he dashed her with fearful force upon the floor.



A cry of agony escaped from Alice as she witnessed this violence, and she looked reproachfully upon the old man as she beheld his victim prostrate upon the ground. He saw the misplaced sympathy in that angel-face, and saying:

"Lady, she and her gang had planned your ruin and my death," he led Alice forth, and closed the cottage-door.

Alice said nothing, but followed where he guided. His conduct had become as much a matter of astonishment to her, as that of the gang whose den they had just quitted was of fear. She had remarked, with amazement, the alternations from the feebleness of extreme age to the proud strength of able manhood—and that although her guide seemed to depend much upon his staff as a means of progress, he yet had leaped out and in at the window without unusual effort. But she found that his exertions were all for her security and defense, and he commanded all the gratitude of her heart.

After penetrating into the very depths of the forest, the old man suggested rest. He collected large quantities of dried leaves and mosses, and placing them in an arbor formed of wild shrubs and bushes thickly entangled, he spread upon them an ample cloak, and requested Alice to take some repose. The luxurious softness of her couch, and the soporific herbs with which her adroit upholsterer had composed her pillow, soon lulled her into a tranquil and balmy slumber.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE UNMASKING.

It was two hours after mid-day when Alice awoke; and so dark was her sylvan chamber, and so profoundly silent the surrounding forest, that even then she felt indisposed to rise from a repose so grateful. Nature seemed, like herself, unwilling to arouse from slumber, for there was no sound louder than a falling leaf, until a footstep approached, which proved to be that of her trusty guard, for soon a tremulous voice, speaking through her foliated dormitory, said:



"Lady, do you sleep?"

"No, my good friend," replied Alice; "but is it time to resume our journey? Is it almost day?"

There's little difference 'twixt night and day jist here," said the guide, "we're so deep in the forest. 'Tis now two hours arter noon."

"I will be with you quickly," said Alice, in surprise at the ateness of the hour, "but there is something in the air of this delicious labyrinth that still makes me drowsy."

"Then sleep on, fair lady," said the guide, "for 'twill be full six hours afore I start agin, as we had better travel in the night. I'll call you in good time."

Alice heard this gladly; but the worthy fellow concealed from her, that while she slept so pleasantly, he had plunged deep into the forest, scouting and reconnoitering, that he might not allow himself to be surprised by his enemies; and he was now about to seek some hiding-place where he might enjoy an hour or two of rest. The day passed without alarm, and in the evening Alice was so much refreshed, that she resumed her journey full of hope. But they did not proceed far. The intricacies and impediments of the woods, in darkness, were so great that Alice proceeded with much difficulty, and was receiving continual though slight injuries, so the guide resolved to rest for the night and to venture to travel in the day.

On the following morning, Alice was more feverish. She expressed much apprehension, looked timidly between the trees and conjured the howling of the wind into the war-whoops of the Indians she had heard from the bandits' cottage; but at this last source of alarm, her aged companion smiled and explained that those cries originated with him; that it was for this purpose that he escaped from the window, in order that he might withdraw the thieves from the house, under the impression that the Indians were approaching. The knowledge of this skillful device and of its success and their escape, gave Alice additional confidence in her guide, and she attempted to banish her fears as they reached the more open forest.

They were just rising from the sloping banks of a stream, beside the refreshing waters of which they had sat to partake a meal, intending to proceed a few miles further, when a



scream from Alice indicated to the guide the presence of danger; but the warning came too late; for when he raised his eyes in the direction intimated, the four villains whom he had perceived through the crevice of their door, were advancing upon them fully armed. Resistance would have been instant death, while he well knew that there was hope in life. Their chief rancor seemed to be directed against the aged guide, whom they all approached.

"Villain," cried the foremost—for even these abject wretch used this term in reprobation—"have we caught you? What punishment d'ye expect yourself, and what mercy for that daughter, for the manner in which ye tr'ated our mither o' the woods?"

"I defended myself," said the fearless guide, "and where's the man that wouldn't?"

"I'll take the beard from your chin—your hair from your head—and your skin from your flesh, and your daughter shall see the game."

The ferocious brute advanced and seized him by the beard, while one of his companions, no less malicious, assailed him from behind and grasped the silver hair upon his head. Each monster drew his knife, prepared, with more than Indian barbarity, to scalp and to sever the skin from the chin while their victim lived. But the captive flinched from the operation when the knife was about to be applied, and in his great muscular writhing, the hair, with its attendant scalp, was torn from the head, and the white and flowing beard, no more tenacious than its brother of the head, yielded, with its parent cuticle, to the fierce embrace of the bandit chief, so that each villain had the prize he coveted.

Alice, who had heard these frightful threats, with a cry of despair, rushed toward these murderers to implore their mercy; but, when she reached the spot, there depended from their hands these venerable trophies of her aged friend. All stood aghast, not even perceiving that the several portions of the flesh were bloodless, until it was discovered that the victim from whom they were torn had withdrawn to the mouth of the cavern through which the stream at their feet drew its waters, and then it was disclosed to Alice, that her protector was a youth—that age had been assumed. It was



Indeed Gideon Godbold, who, having been dispatched to Philadelphia by Horace, with the intelligence of the battle of Springfield, had disguised himself in this venerable manner as a protection against his numerous enemies, and had thus been selected as a fit person to conduct a young lady through the forest. He had reluctantly yielded to the prayer of Alice, but, having done so, was determined to protect her, and his resolution was only strengthened by the difficulties around him.

The thieves, becoming aware of their error, attempted to repair it by dashing toward Gideon; but he had secured a refuge, and waving his hand in encouragement to Alice, he leaped into the basin, scrambled thence into the cavern, and when the thieves arrived at the spot and fired their pistols, the balls recoiled from the hardened rocks.

Disappointed of their prey, they reviled each other in the most opprobrious language, until, convinced of its uselessness, they began to examine the means by which he had escaped. No one would enter the cavern in pursuit; but all agreed to watch through the night. They guarded every orifice large enough to admit a man, they examined the bushes, bent the long grass, and looked into the leafy trees; and because their efforts were not attended with recapture, they concluded that Gideon had either been drowned by plunging into the cavern, or suffocated by the fixed air.

During this frightful night, Alice had sat beneath a tree in the deepest anguish. She had translated the last signal of Gideon into hope as he had intended, but the development in reference to him, which convicted him of deception, although he had behaved most faithfully, and could not have assumed the semblance of great age for purposes inimical to her—still, had he confessed the truth, she should not have placed herself under his guidance and protection.

In the morning, when it was determined to continue the search no longer, the robber-chief advanced toward Alice and said:

“Young woman, you’ll come with us, and be thankful that we’ve delivered you from the villain who had pretended to be old to effect your ruin.”

“I was not aware of his youth,” replied Alice, “but I believe him to be honest. He was guiding me to Genera’



Washington, and if you will now undertake the duty I will reward you handsomely in gold."

"Washington and ourselves," observed the chief, "ain't or the best o' terms. There's more freedom in our liberty than in his. In fact, there's a gulf atween us, so we see to our own revenue, mind our own affairs, and—keep out o' his camp."

"Oh, have mercy," supplicated Alice; "you may ask it one day yourselves. I am a beggar, and go to entreat that the forfeit lands of my father may be restored to his penniless child."

"Why, you shall have this forest for a dower," said the mocking chief, "with the privilege of all our caves and secret places, together with your share of revenue as queen if you'll but allow them ruby lips to smile on us."

Alice, shocked at the scoffing of this ribald fellow, turned from him and gave way to her sorrow; but the hearts of these worthless wretches were untouched, and collecting their arms, they moved forward, roughly commanding her to follow, intimating that they would lead her to an asylum which she could convert into a place of happiness if she pleased

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

As soon as the robbers had left the vicinity of the cavern, Gideon emerged from his aquatic hiding-place, wet as a river god. While those flinty dastards were watching for his life, most of his body had been submerged in water, leaving only his head above the surface. In this place of refuge, distinctly hearing the imprecations and vehemence of his enemies, crouched the benumbed Gideon through the night. The energy of his mind, however, was unsubdued by the icy coldness of his body. He now leaped into the air to lessen the rigidity of his limbs, and soon applied his efforts to the liberation of his charge. He peered into the distance and saw the receding forms of both captors and captive.



Stealthily as the crafty tiger pursues its victim, did Gideon follow these foul marauders of the forest; he glided from bush to bush, from shade to deeper shadow, from jutting rock to stately tree, that he might be unseen. At length they reached an open glade, in the center of which was a mound covered with trees and underwood. This eminence, despite its peculiarly isolated position, would have been disregarded by Gideon as well as by most travelers, had not the scoundrels whom he watched, after making a careful reconnoissance at the edge of the open space, proceeded directly toward the center mound. Gideon hastened, as soon as it was safe to do so, to the edge of the glade. He saw Alice, encompassed by her brutal guards, advance in despair toward the hill—the one thinking not in her despondency how near was hope, nor the others in their triumph how close was vengeance.

Gideon soon heard the voice of Alice in entreaty, and soon rough threatenings in reply, and then all became silent as the grave. After this quietness had continued some time, Gideon prepared to cross the open space. The morning was bright, and there was danger of detection; but as the grass was high, he cast himself upon the earth, and, snake-like, worked his way to the cover in the center. Concealing himself beneath the densest foliage, and still prostrate on the ground, he remained there several hours, watching for something to occur to direct his further movements, when, just as he thought of rising and making a more efficient search, a slight rustling caught his ear, and soon he perceived the dark form of one of the villains rising from out of the ground. He was quickly followed by another, who cautiously closed the orifice from which they had appeared.

"There's schaming down there, I guess," remarked one of these demons, pointing to the aperture which he had so adroitly concealed; "there's money to be made o' the gal, and it ought to be done. What use is she to us but for what she'll bring?"

"Come along, Bill, come along," replied his companion; "I guess 'tis of more consequence to secure that rascal, Gideon. He's the feller that led the sojer officer out o' the wood that Mother Skirts led in, and whose horse kicked me so that I couldn't do nothing for months. I tell ye that place



never ought to ha' been left by us this mornin' till he was caught."

"Oh," said the first speaker, "he's drowned, I guess."

"'Tis mighty hard, I can tell you," said the other, "to drown a feller like that; 'he'd a never jumped in there ef he hadn't known how to get out agin. He'll turn up agin, to our cost, I guess."

Something more was said; but as these worthies were at the same time making their way out of the bushes, it was not distinctly heard by Gideon, who had good reason to rejoice that the desire of this astute scoundrel to continue the guard over the cavern in which he had hidden, had been overruled by other authority. Gideon watched them cross the open country into the denser portion of the forest, and when all was again silent, he took the bold resolution of descending into the bowels of the earth, face the other two, and give liberty to the sweet lady who had confided in him.

The dauntless Gideon, equal to the adventure, approached the mouth of the cavity. He looked to his pistols—they were wet and useless, as was his powder. The point of his dagger, however, was sharp, and it was a good and silent agent. He raised the trap, which was ingeniously covered by the underwood, and discovered a shaft about four feet in depth. Into this he lowered himself, taking the precaution to close the trap after him. He then descended a flight of steps, and had just groped his way through the obscurity, to the bottom, when a powerful hound, without uttering a cry, seized him by the arm, just below the shoulder, and attempted to draw him along the gallery of the cave, where he perceived seated, though at some distance, the two remaining villains, whom he knew to be so merciless, and into whose retreat he had penetrated to succor Alice.

The attack of the hound was rendered more formidable by its suddenness. The pain was excruciating; but, fortunately, the daily perils of this adventurous traveler had taught him to be silent in emergencies; and while the vengeful brute true sentinel to his worthless masters, worked his terrible teeth into the wounds with all his strength of jaw, that they might meet, Gideon uttered not a cry; but with his unoccupied hand he withdrew his trusty dagger from its sheath and



plunged it into the heart of his relentless antagonist. The hot blood of the brute poured forth, his teeth relaxed, his heavy body fell upon the earth, and he died as noiselessly as Gideon had endured. The struggle, however, was not conducted wholly without sound, which did not escape the ears of the villains at the extremity of the gallery. They listened—all was hushed, and their thoughts recurring to their faithful sentinel, their hilarity was renewed.

The passage in which Gideon stood conducted to a wider excavation at the end, and there sat the associate scoundrels. Above their heads a lamp was burning, and they were occupied in drinking ardent spirits from tin cups, which were frequently replenished from a large jar by their sides. Just within the radii of the lamp, but at some distance, was Alice, seated in despair upon the ground, working her body to and fro in anguish, and occasionally giving vent to her frantic terror by moans, which seemed messengers from the very depths of feeling. The first object of Gideon was to convey to Alice a knowledge of his presence—that, dark and desolate as all was within this cave, the cloud might seem to have its silver lining. He, therefore, crouching upon the ground, cautiously approached the place where she sat. Gradually he worked himself within reach of her, and then extending his hand, he gently touched her. So sensitive was Alice, and so great was her loathing to be in contact with aught that existed in this black den of infamy, that she involuntarily drew herself from out the reach of Gideon, who was thus constrained again to advance further into the circle of danger. This motion, slight as it was, did not escape the guilty wretches at their potations. They both looked toward the spot, more, apparently, from the habit of observation than from an apprehension of an enemy within their castle, so that confidence was soon again restored. They whispered to each other, and pointed significantly to their helpless prisoner, little thinking that a bold and fearless champion of their poor captive was noting their ribaldry almost at their elbows.

When again the bottle engaged more of their attention than their guest, Gideon succeeded in another effort to touch Alice, and so markedly that she raised her mournful eye to ascertain whence came the annoyance. It met that of Gideon.



She gave a violent start. She now perceived the figure she had seen unmasked in the forest. She clasped her hands in gratefulness, and fortunate it was that her joy was voiceless, for such an alarm at that juncture might have sealed her doom. Gideon made signs, imploring her to be silent; but as she beheld his encouraging countenance, she could with difficulty control her feelings.

While this important recognition had been transpiring, the brigands had drunk so rapidly of their fiery beverage that they could but indistinctly perceive the boundary of the light where Alice sat, and Gideon ventured to remove her nearer to the entrance; but this bold maneuver created alarm. The brigands staggered upon their feet, which, however, were little able to support them. Gideon hastened Alice along the gallery to the mouth of the cave, and entreated her "to get as quickly as possible into the air, while he returned to protect her retreat."

"Where are you, girl?" vociferated the captain, when he could no longer see her; "where are you, I say? If our dog Wolf once gets you in his fangs, there's jist so much of your beauty gone. Wolf! Wolf! where are you?"

But there was no reply from either of the two thus summoned, although there were sounds in the passage perceptible even to his deadened ear. He drew a pistol, so did his companion; but the next thing performed by these valiant toppers was to knock down the lamp, and thus extinguish the light. Recrimination as well as darkness followed, two coadjutors worthy of all price to Gideon, who, under these favorable circumstances, advanced to the querulous pair, and skillfully striking the captain a violent blow, that enraged chief, supposing it proceeded from his associate, fired upon him, and receiving a return fire from his no more forbearing rival, both fell to the earth severely wounded.

No sooner, however, had Gideon so signally triumphed here, than a loud, prolonged scream announced peril in another quarter. It was the voice of Alice and he now feared that the two fellows whom he saw depart, and who unconsciously disclosed to him the entrance to the cave, had returned, and that Alice had been seized by them. He hastened toward the opening, and soon perceived Alice enveloped in the



sinewy arms of the portly dame who had so treacherously entertained them at the cottage.

"I will not return," Alice was saying; "I will die rather than enter that cave again. Guide me to a place of security and I will reward you to any extent. Of those men from whom I am now escaped I have not asked mercy; but of you, a woman, one whose heart is better attuned to the pleadings of a maiden, I implore compassion. There were days when you, like me, were young; when, if you could but have commanded a protector, such as you can be to me, it might have preserved you from the guilt and crime in which you now participate."

"No, young woman, you're wrong altogether," said the crone. "There never was a time when I ever wanted any of them things you speak of, I guess; but just now we 'ont speak more about 'em. We'll go in here. There are some noises below that I want to inquire into."

"I will not go," exclaimed Alice.

The crone said not another word; but lifting her by the waist carried her toward the shaft, while her screams rent the air; just as she reached the opening, and was about to descend with her struggling burden, Gideon leaped out, and, seizing Alice, struck the crone such a blow with the stock of his pistol on the head, as prostrated her instantly on the ground, and Alice was free.

"Oh, gallant stranger," said Alice, deeply affected, "my path is strewn with the deeds of your valor. I owe to you my life. I owe to you deliverance from a den of infamy far worse than death. I—"

"Lady," interposed Gideon, "we mayn't delay, for if them villains get us agin into their hands, depend on't we shan't escape."

"But can nothing be done for this poor woman?" inquired Alice, pointing to the crone; "her agonies, poor creature, are severe."

"No, nothing can be done for him," said Gideon, as he led Alice away. "He's a hardy villain. I've known him many years. He'll take no harm."

"Why, it is a woman," said Alice; "a poor, neglected woman."



"He like to be thought so," said Gideon, "and in that dress ha' guided many a man to his grave. He's a very bad un. They call him Molly Skirts, but his real name is Billy Breeches."

Alice replied, despite the sorrows so near her heart, that the forest seemed to combine all the characteristics of a masquerade, where every person took so much pains to appear what he was not; but Gideon would not understand the remark, as he felt aware that any further discussion on a point so personal must lead to an explanation of his assumption of an age so difficult to sustain. But this subject was soon discarded from their thoughts in their anxiety to escape, and they hastened on their way almost in silence.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SEARCH FOR ALICE.

ISABELLE had heard nothing of Alice. Several dispatches had been received from Horace subsequently to the departure of Alice from Philadelphia, but there was no mention of her arrival in the Highlands, and the most serious feelings of alarm were now entertained both by Isabelle and her father. The sincere devotion of the former would have prompted her at once to have suggested that her father and herself should have personally sought her amidst the dangers of the forest, or in the treachery of that aged guide; but there was an inherent delicacy in her nature which prevented this journey to the vicinity of Horace. Mr. Ormond, however, became daily more restless, and one evening, while conversing with Isabelle on the subject, proposed that they should proceed to the Highlands to ascertain if Alice had reached there; and if not, then the name and character of the guide, and what steps could be taken for her recovery. Isabelle was delighted. It reflected the goodness of her father's heart, and contributed much to the happiness of hers. She acquiesced cordially in the arrangement, and the evening passed less heavily.



The dangers of the road were amply discussed, and due precautions taken. The journey was to be performed in the saddle. Four armed attendants were to form their escort, and a sumpter-horse was detailed to bear the necessary baggage. The *cortège* left the city early one morning beneath a cloudless sky, with smiling faces, hopeful hearts, and faithful attendants.

As the travelers proceeded, every inquiry was made in reference to Alice and her aged guide; but they had not been seen. One of the armed scouts, however—for Mr. Ormond generally dispersed them among the principal avenues of the forest, a short distance from each other—encountered a very decrepit and aged woman, who said that she had seen the man and maid described borne off by some cow-boys toward the English army. She described herself as living in a cottage near where they stood; and when told by the escort that he was one of a party in search of these people, and that a handsome reward would be given by his commander for any information, she affected great glee, and said that she would hobble to him; but the impatient escort, having ridden before her to convey the welcome intelligence, could no more find her, nor was there a dwelling near where she described her cottage.

Thus, fruitlessly, they had arrived within a day's march of their destination, dispirited, sad, and laboring beneath great fatigue, when they perceived that they were being closely watched by some horsemen at a distance. Presently one of them was detached and sent toward them. With great courtesy he demanded their papers, and, after having received them, he rode to his officer, who still viewed these proceedings curiously from the distant hill. Mr. Ormond, desirous of exhibiting some knowledge of military tactics upon a soil now so devoted to them, formed his guard into line, placing two of his armed men on each side, himself and daughter with the sumpter-horse in the rear, and thus awaited the return of the orderly. They soon witnessed his arrival, saw him place the papers in the hands of the officer in command, saw them unfolded, and, apparently, perused, and then saw the head of the reader suddenly directed from the papers toward them. Something there induced him instantly to



raise his hat in courtesy, and then giving rein to his horse he advanced toward them with wondrous speed. Isabelle clutched her father's arm in alarm at this demonstration, and suddenly exclaimed :

"Dear father, what can this mean?"

But so rapid was the pace of the gallant rider, that he soon dissipated the terror he had caused. The fears of Isabelle were converted into joy, and, as she released her father's arm from her grasp, she exclaimed :

"It is Horace!"

And the next instant her hand was seized by him in speechless amazement. He, however, saw that she was in health, and quickly recovered himself sufficiently to inquire the cause of this sudden appearance.

"Have you seen any thing of Alice?" asked Isabelle.

"What! in these hills, dear Isabelle?" said Horace, in surprise.

"She quitted our residence recently to seek an interview with General Washington. Her guide was the aged man by whom you sent us intelligence of the battle of Springfield."

"An old man!" exclaimed Horace; "it was a young and faithful hero of the day that undertook to deliver to you those letters, Isabelle."

"With beard and hair white as the snow of winter," interposed Mr. Ormond; "with a body curved with the weight of years, and with a voice feeble as a whisper."

"Why, sir," replied Horace, in astonishment, "he was in the prime of youth when he left us."

"He was in the last stage of decrepitude when he reached us," said Mr. Ormond.

"There is some great error, dear Isabelle," said Horace. "I will seek my messenger; for, although I have not seen him since, I have great confidence in his integrity. But whither are you going, Isabelle?"

"I intend to pay a short visit to Mrs. Arnold, at Beverley, during the inquiry for Alice, and I am sure, Horace, you will use every effort to gain intelligence of her."

"Quiet your alarm on that subject, Isabelle," said Horace, "as I doubt not but that I shall be successful in my search." Then, turning to Mr. Ormond, he added: "May I hope for



the honor of entertaining you, sir. My quarters are those of a soldier in time of war, but I have endeavored to fortify them with some of the luxuries of peace?"

"With full rations for my guards," said Mr. Ormond, slyly and interrogatively, and provender for all our horses?"

"Of course I include the retinue with its lord," replied Horace, smiling.

"Then I accept your hospitality," exclaimed Mr. Ormond, facetiously, "and may your commissariat prove equal to the assessment."

These remarks occasioned some merriment, which was increased when Mr. Ormond somewhat grandiloquently informed his guard that they would be quartered upon an officer of Washington's Body Guard, who would entertain them with a bounteousness common to the army; which assurance caused the attendants to look very grave, for the hardships and deprivations of this militant branch of the republic was beyond tradition.

As they rode on, however, Isabelle informed Horace that it was the intention of her father to proceed to Albany, and permit her to remain at Beverley, until his return.

Mrs. Arnold was delighted at the unexpected appearance of her young guest; but was in great consternation when she learned that the immediate cause of her visit was her apprehension in reference to Alice. Horace and Mr. Ormond did not remain long, the former assuring Isabelle that he would instantly make every disposition to recover Alice, and as Isabelle was greatly fatigued, she retired very early to her room, resolving that she would endeavor to enlist the powerful aid of General Arnold in her inquiries, and in communicating the distressing facts to Major André.

Beverley was a delightful residence, on the eastern banks of the Hudson. Its lawn was spacious, its grounds were well wooded, and its gardens yielded a fragrance which perfumed the house. From the windows of its mansion could be seen the majestic undulations of the Highlands, the somber forest, and the fertile valleys. Also the noble Hudson, near and in the distance—here a mighty river, there a thread of silver, yet glittering in its littleness, and bearing upon its bosom what seemed but fairy barques. Isabelle thought it a region so



beautiful and grand as to be congenial to the frolics of elf or giant.

Isabelle was engaged in the contemplation of this magnificent scenery, on the morning after her arrival, when she was summoned to breakfast, to which she was welcomed by the cheerful smiles of Mrs. Arnold, and the polite gravity of her husband, who, during the meal, was engaged in deep thought. This abstraction was a matter of lamentation to Isabelle, as she hoped to attract his attention to the cause of Alice; but although the subject engrossed the conversation of both ladies, the General rose from the table and quitted the room without heeding the cause of their anxiety.

The library windows commanded the boldest view, and thither Mrs. Arnold conducted her guest. There was a small room adjoining it; but that was exclusively the General's, into which even his wife never ventured. They had sat some time in the privacy of an oriel window, Isabelle enraptured at the feast, and Mrs. Arnold had asked permission to withdraw, when the General entered from his private room. He was greatly agitated, held some papers in his hand, and paced the apartment in agitation. Then he sat down not far from Isabelle and was more composed. After a time she determined to address him upon the subject so near her heart, and as he talked aloud, and pronounced one or two words which rather gave an encouragement to her feelings, she said:

"Will you permit me, General, to relate to you the particulars of a calamity which has been the chief cause of my visit here?"

The General did not even raise his eyes in the direction of the speaker, nor did he cease muttering occasional words. Isabelle still sat in the recess of the window, half intimidated at this failure, and was debating whether she should repeat the application or quit the room, when he commenced writing. Isabelle, supposing this a digression from the matter on which he was so intent, again addressed him:

"General Arnold," she said, timidly, "will you allow me the favor of your attention?"

With a rapidity almost electric, he raised his eyes and dropped his pen. He regarded Isabelle severely and in anger. At length he exclaimed, after making one or two unsuccessful



efforts to speak, which had been repressed by some momentary affection of the throat :

"I am generally here alone, Miss Ormond, and in my solitude often use words that I would not have another hear. I trust that I have not done so this morning?"

"You have spoken, certainly," said Isabelle.

"Have I?" exclaimed the General, abruptly and in eagerness, "and what may you have gleaned from my expressions?"

"Sir," replied Isabelle, indignant that such language should be used to her, "nothing; but I heard you name an officer, with whom I did at the moment hope to communicate through you."

"Perhaps you will repeat it?" said the General.

"André," replied Isabelle, unhesitatingly.

The General instantly leaped from his chair. There was a demoniac and fearful distortion in his face. His eyes were fierce with rage, as they glanced on the poor, terrified girl before him, who had so artlessly struck a chord that alarmed his guilty conscience.

"What! perfidious woman," he exclaimed, with an expression of malignity and hatred, "come you here in the character of a spy, that, your fair face belying your foul motive, you may reach the secrets of my heart? Who sends you? Who employs you? Who of your wretched party dare insinuate more against Benedict Arnold?"

Isabelle clasped her hands and extended them toward him imploringly, as if to entreat that he would spare her from these torturing charges; but he was furious in reproach, and continued, no less vehemently:

"Think not that you—false as beautiful—shall pass from this room with lips unsealed to trumpet my secret words—uttered when I thought myself alone—to those who seek my ruin and my life? If you have a word to urge in your defense, speak promptly. Ask not for mercy, for there is none for your crime. Be quick, for I am rapid in my punishments, and vengeance may overtake you while you hesitate."

The frantic rage of the General increased the dread of Isabelle. His menaces, she perceived, affected her life, and her terror was increased by the General having violently opened a drawer, in which was inclosed a brace of pistols.



"Oh, spare me, spare me," exclaimed Isabelle. "I have been sent by no one. I have heard nothing—I have seen nothing. I came not as a spy. Do not regard me so humilatingly. I would not violate the sanctity of my shelter and protection here. I came in search of a beloved friend, who left our house in Philadelphia to ask of Washington the restoration of her forfeited lands, but, alas, has not reached here. I heard the name of André pass your mouth. I know he is your enemy—a soldier of the monarch whom we defy; but still he was once a resident in Philadelphia, and there he won the heart which, although it loves its country, could not reject this gallant enemy—André. And when I heard you mention him, my object was to inquire if you could write—"

"I write to André!" exclaimed the somewhat appeased General.

"I may speak improperly," said Isabelle, "but it occurred to me that you would not object to acquaint him with the calamity that has occurred to Alice."

"Think you that love enters into the diplomacy of military commanders?" said the General, sternly but not savagely. "What have I to do with these British but to fight them? I however admit your explanation, and apologize for my rudeness of conduct; but I am much troubled with the conspiracies and contrivances for my disparagement, which sometimes cause me to be hasty and unjust in my suspicions, and I again express my regret that I have made you the object of these susceptibilities."

At this moment Mrs Arnold entered. She paused at the door in amazement. The General and Isabelle were standing opposite each other, and the hands of the latter were still clasped. Both were pallid, and the countenance of each was strongly marked with feeling—the one of anger the other of terror. There was silence for a few seconds with this trio when the General said:

"I fear, my dear Margaret, that I have spoken harshly to your fair visitor. I put a misconstruction on her presence here, and assailed her with inconsiderate anger; but you must procure my pardon, and explain how irascible I am become through the ingratitude of those I have so faithfully served. You must assure your young friend, too, that will no



forget her cause of sorrow, and will use my efforts to alleviate it."

Mrs. Arnold approached Isabelle, and taking her by the hand, she said:

"Come with me, my love. I am sure the General would not willingly lessen your happiness; but if he has unwittingly done so, I know that you will not resist my supplication for his pardon. His sorrows are numerous, and he is rather impatient with them. We will adjourn to another atmosphere, and whenever you will rejoin us," she continued, addressing the General, "be assured that the error of this morning will be forgotten."

Mrs. Arnold retired with her fair charge to the garden, amidst the beauties of which, the agitated mind of Isabelle was soothed, and when the same party again met at dinner, the occurrence of the earlier hour was unnoticed.

The evening was cheered by the return of Horace, who related to Isabelle the prompt steps he had taken in behalf of Alice; and the great hope he gave of being able to elucidate the mystery, in a few days, restored Isabelle to comparative comfort, and when she retired at night, she was far more sensible of the devoted kindness of Mrs. Arnold than annoyed at the strange conduct of her still moody husband.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE RESTORATION OF ALICE.

THE two thieves struggled in the bowels of the earth which they had plunged in darkness; the faithful hound, a victim to his integrity, lay stiff and cold upon his watch; and the "Mother of the Woods," Molly Skirts—who was entitled to neither the name nor the petticoats—still occupied an inclined position on the sward, when the two brigands, whose exit from the cave had been the cause of Gideon's entrance, arrived upon the spot. The first object to excite their fears was the open trap: the next, the prostrate and



senseless Molly. They then leaped down the open shaft, and soon stumbled on the body of the hound, whose indomitable vigilance they had thought a guarantee to safety. Groans proceeded from the end of the cave. They had not, however, courage to proceed further, in darkness; but procuring a light, continued the research. The groans were those of the two thieves, who, with knives tightly grasped, had been stabbing each other in their senseless fury, until both were covered with blood, and were at the last gasp of death. Hardy villains as were these their associates, they could endure the ghastly sight no longer, and leaving the light, they forsook their dying and guilty comrades. The head of Molly was uplifted when they reached the surface, and she was soon able to comprehend the extent of the calamity. It aroused her to exertion. She rose upon her legs, descended to the cave, beheld the slaughtered dog, and the now dead bodies of her late companions. She was alone. The affrighted men had not accompanied her. With the propensity of her craft she examined the dead men's pockets, transferred the moneys and valuables to her own as legatee, and then again appeared on the hill. The men were still there. All went to work to dig a grave. It was soon accomplished, and into it was cast the carcasses of men and hound. Then the earth was thrown upon them, and as those two men filled in the mould, remorse touched their flinty hearts, and their thoughts recurred to those lessons which had been taught them in their youth. No monument was raised above the grave. The object which marked their resting-place was the whisky-bottle from which they had drunk, and which Molly had planted there; but whether as a moral, a reproach, or merely as significant of the spot where the bodies rested, none knew, for not a word had been spoken during this mournful ceremony. When all was done, the voice of Molly was heard to cry out:

"Kneel!"

And she knelt beside the grave. The others, silently penitent, readily obeyed, and Molly dictated a prayer of vengeance on the head of Gideon, which the others would not repeat. Molly then pulled forth a pistol, and pointing it to the heart of one of the objectors, cried:



"Then die."

But the men, strong and fearless as herself, seized her hand and wrested the weapon from her, and one of them placed it with others in his belt. Enraged at her defeat, she assailed them with her tongue, crying:

"Where's your oath? Where's your oath to revenge the blood o' the gang, or die?"

But the power of this atrocious wretch was gone. The tragic scene which these men had witnessed now appalled them. The tide of reformation had commenced to flow and they shuddered at the guilt upon those souls just descended to the grave, as well as that upon their own.

"Molly," they said, "we can't do't. Summat's come down upon us. Our hearts is changed—our eyes is ope'd. Molly, we see a world beyond this, where crimes like ours are punished, and we'll go no further in this track. Look up, Molly, and ask to see like us."

But they appealed to one with the passions of a tigress. She gazed upon them for a few minutes, as if in doubt whether to tear them limb from limb; but she remembered that the prowess of each was equal to her own, and gave way to her fury, by shouting:

"Cowards and fools, and traitors to your oaths, I only wish that one other good man was here, and you should rot among the branches of these trees. May the ghosts of them that you thus cheat o' the blood due to their memories, torture you night and day, till you, too, sink into the grave, and there, meetin' them face to face, get fuller punishment." Then seizing the knife of one of the buried men, which was covered with clotted blood, she continued: "I swear upon this blade, and by this blood, that I'll revenge these murders."

The two men, unshaken in their resolution of amendment, cast their eyes upon the grave of their companions, and despite the savage derision of their fiendish tempter, they left the mound, crossed the open glade, and entered the thickness of the forest with hearts new to virtue and to happiness.

While this scene was passing, Alice and Gideon were hastening from a danger they thought so imminent, and through all the night toiled and struggled against the



difficulties of the way, and when the sun had brightened the shadows of the forest and afforded a slight luster to the gloom, the weak form of Alice was fast succumbing to the severity of her efforts. She asked Gideon if there were no asylum near, and seemed so greatly in need of rest, that although approaching their destination, he led her to the cottage of a woman whom he knew, and who, alarmed at her distressing appearance, made every disposition for her comfort. Alice retired to bed; but the next morning was unable to rise, and her nurse pronounced her to be in fever.

Gideon heard the sad intelligence with consternation, and implored the kind inhabitant of the cottage to use every remedy for her speedy return to health. The woman shook her head, and said time would not be abridged in these attacks; but that every art and exertion in nursing should be adopted. This excellent woman redeemed her word, and for nearly three weeks Gideon was wholly occupied in procuring such remedies and little delicacies as contributed to the cure and sustenance of the fair patient. Then the hue of health began to reward their exertions, and soon was added to this the yet more grateful guerdon of the smiles of Alice. But her mind soon became sensible of the painful feeling which her long silence must have caused Isabelle; yet, as she rapidly recovered, and Gideon assured her that two days would take them to their destination, she resolved to await her arrival there before attempting to inform Isabelle of her safety. At length the day came when her health counseled her departure. She was deeply affected, and her kindness, amiability in her illness, and her beauty, had made an impression upon her humble hostess, that increased the pain of separation.

"I can not express my gratitude in words, my good and faithful friend," said Alice, as they parted; "it is too profound for language. I am your debtor through life."

"Oh, do not thus speak of the little I have done for you," replied the woman; "but soothe my mind and make our separation more endurable by promising to remain with me when you return from the Highlands."

"I will do so, my friend," replied Alice; and when they parted, this poor woman watched her until the intervening forest concealed her form. That same evening they crossed



the Hudson, scrambled up its eastern side, and Gideon, pointing to a picturesque house, said:

"That's Beverley."

The pulse of Alice throbbed with delight at this announcement. She was but the distance of an embrace from her old friend; but then, again, she thought, what construction would that friend put upon her want of retinue—her style of travel—upon foot, with one attendant, and the baggage comprised in the narrow bundle in his hand. She stepped beneath the spreading branches of an oak, that she might think, and call Gideon to council in greater obscurity than was offered by the moonbeams. But here another difficulty ensued. The unflinching Gideon, who had defied death to protect his charge, now declined to proceed further on the journey.

"I can't go there," said Gideon; "I don't wish to see the General."

"Why, I should have supposed," urged Alice, "that so bold a spirit as that of General Arnold would be congenial to your own; and I am sure he would highly esteem one of whom I can tell such gallant and matchless feats."

"I can't go, lady," said Gideon; "don't ask another reason, for I can't give it now. That hedge will lead you to the gate, and the road from the gate will take you to the house. I'll watch till you're safe, so don't be alarmed."

"I will not further attempt to overcome your prejudice," said Alice, offering him her hand; "so, here we will separate for a short time, my good, worthy, brave and noble friend; but before we part take this ring—"

"No, no, lady, not that, not that," exclaimed Gideon.

"Surely, you will accept from me some token of my esteem," said Alice.

"Yes," said Gideon, hesitatingly; and then added, with a timidity unusual with this bold man, "a lock o' your bright hair."

In an instant it was severed from her tresses.

"There it is, then," she said, as she presented it to him; "and with it take the gratitude of my heart. I do not offer it as a requital for the generous and noble services you have rendered me, but merely as an acknowledgment of my great indebtedness."



Alice pursued the path which he had directed. Gideon regarded her retiring figure with great agitation, until she had passed the outer gate, and entered the shadow of an avenue of trees which conducted to the house; then he looked at the queenly present, pressed it to his heart, and groaned in agony.

It required some courage in a lady to approach the house of the proud and lavish General Arnold—who had resided in the handsomest mansion, and maintained the most elegant equipage in Philadelphia—as a pedestrian visitor; but Alice was constrained to do so; and as she walked along the avenue, hoping to be fortunate enough to find Mrs. Arnold alone, she was alarmed by the sound of voices. She soon perceived, however, that they were those of a gentleman and lady, and she heard the latter say:

“But how are we to interpret this dreadful silence, Horace? I shudder for the fate of my dear, devoted Alice—”

“It is Isabelle!” screamed a voice; and a female figure rushed toward the speaker, and these delighted friends were instantly in each others’ arms, and, after many questions and congratulations, Horace drew them toward the house.

As they disappeared, the casements of the library were opened, and a soldier in the uniform of a General rushed out. He stepped some paces forward, then halted, and seemed to take a troubled view of all around.

“What can it be that thus haunts me?” he exclaimed. “I heard a scream, yet no one seems near to utter it. My mind is restless, and I can not sleep, and nothing else seems to slumber. Oh! how I abominate these howls and cries, and witcheries of the night, as if the very demons were let loose upon the air to agitate the minds of those who, like myself, have bold projects to mature.”

It was General Arnold, who, hearing the scream of Alice, and not appearing till the parties had retired, was so willing to ascribe the noise to other agency.

Isabelle, in her delight, fairly bore Alice into the presence of Mrs. Arnold, that she might have ocular evidence of her restoration; and the interrogatories, embraces, congratulations and expressions of happiness became so noisy that the library-door conducting into the house was thrown open,



and a voice of thunder demanded "Who was to be arrested?"

It was the same unquiet spirit. His wife hastened to him, told him that it was the voice of rejoicing, not of quarrel or arrest, and that Alice had just been found. He turned into his library as a hound would into his kennel after being assured that all was in safety.

After Horace had left Beverley, the restless Arnold had retired, and the household was in quietness. Alice, her head pillowed upon the soft breast of her beloved Isabelle, recapitulated the narrative of her perils and escapes, and the faithful adherence of Gideon from the morning they quitted Philadelphia till their parting that night beneath the oak.

Thus passed the night, and when the morning came they found their hearts refreshed by happiness that they had not enjoyed for many weeks.

The next visit of Horace was to inform Isabelle that he had introduced the subject of Alice's pilgrimage—her misfortunes and endurance—and that the General had manifested the deepest interest in her sorrows, and had promised to permit an introduction on his return from Hartford, whither he was going to arrange a plan of campaign with the French commander. He also informed Isabelle that he was to form one of General Washington's suit on his contemplated journey, and that he should, in all probability, be absent many days.

Isabelle conveyed the intelligence to Alice, and both came, hand in hand, to thank the gallant soldier for the interest he had excited in a breast that would not fail in his promise.

"Your misfortunes, dear Alice," said Isabelle, "framed in romantic incidents, must excite deep sympathy in every heart; and I am sure, need only to be related to our great commander to enlist his interest."

"You make me very happy, dear Isabelle and Horace," said Alice, "and I already feel my object half accomplished; but there is yet another matter of anxiety on which I would question you. Is there any military communication between the British forces and our troops? Does General Arnold ever have such intercourse with the enemy, as to forward, in



all honor, a letter to André?" she added, looking up at Horace.

Isabelle glanced around the room in alarm, exclaiming:

"Silence, dear Alice; that name is treason in this house. There seems a terror in it that shakes the nerves even of the impetuous Arnold. I once referred to him that I might inform him of your mysterious disappearance; but I never can forget the ghastliness of the General's appearance, nor the evidence of his rage. Never name André in his presence, Alice; it will be like adding fire to a volcano."

Alice seemed much grieved, which Horace perceiving, he said:

"I will inquire if a courtesy like this can be permitted. Be comforted, Alice; men feel for each other in these affairs, and there is a vast license even among belligerents in matters of the heart. When a lady appeals it is weighty in the scale, and is rarely counterbalanced."

Alice blushed, and she was slightly assisted by Isabelle; but the latter suggested an adjournment to the garden, whence the view was so beautiful and magnificent, that all sorrow vanished before the enchantment.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE SECRET MESSENGER.

ON the evening of Alice's arrival on the borders of Beverley, Gideon had observed her from his shadowy oak so opportunely rejoin her friends, and soon after his bitter anguish was disturbed by the frantic appearance of Arnold from the library upon the lawn. He saw his wild and haggard looks, and listened to his discordant ravings; but not without a suspicion that there was a secret within his breast impatient of restraint, and which filled his veins with fever, and his heart with fear. The General, however, directly retired, and Gideon soon wended his way to his melancholy home.



Some days later, Gideon was again beneath that oak, gazing upon Beverley. He had wandered there involuntarily, and was astounded when he found himself upon the spot where he had said farewell to Alice—where he had received the sacred gift which from that moment had been placed upon his heart.

The evening was far different from the one so deeply implanted in his memory. The voice of the wind was fierce as it passed through the gorges of the Highlands; the clouds, in dark, heavy masses, sailed rapidly through the air, and the distant thunder and intervals of lightning indicated an approaching storm. It was, however, a night suited to the feelings of Gideon—more in harmony with his troubled mind than the beauty and serenity of his previous visit. But while he, indifferent to these tempestuous omens, stood with his whole attention centered upon the house which he thought contained the only treasure worthy of a life, the casements of the library were again unfolded, and General Arnold advanced upon the lawn, and though heedless of the weather, he seemed very cautious in his survey of the earth. Then he returned to the room, spoke to some one hurriedly, and immediately another figure emerged through the open window, walked quickly across the lawn and through the gate, and approached the tree which sheltered Gideon.

"John, you're in a hurry," said Gideon.

The man, who had thought himself unseen, was startled at being thus recognized. He knew the voice, too, and the shrewd character of the man, and was fearful that he was being watched. With the view that Gideon had of the house he was aware of the folly of denying from whence he came. He, therefore, after some consideration, replied:

"I can't stop, Gideon; I've dispatches from the General."

"But you'll be drowned if you go on, I guess," said Gideon, in an attempt to detain the messenger.

"I promised not to stop, and I mustn't mind the weather," said the messenger.

"Where're you goin'?" inquired Gideon.

"To the lower lines," said the messenger.

"Ain't you goin' lower nor that?" ventured Gideon.

For a moment no answer was given. The messenger



seemed to know not how to treat this bold suspicion, for it involved the integrity of no less a personage than the General. Determined to end the colloquy, the messenger replied :

"If you'll jist inquire at that there winder that you've been spyin' at, you'll git an answer, and I guess that the last walk you'll have 'il be back to this here tree."

At this the messenger dashed forward ; but he could not close his ears to the alarming remark of Gideon :

"John," he vociferated, "be careful of your trail, for as sure as you leave a track behind, you'll be follered."

Gideon then cast another look at the untenanted windows of Beverley, replaced with reverence a small packet in his breast, and just as the intensity of the lightning illumined both earth and heaven, as the thunder, in its most appalling voice, reverberated from hill to hill, and as the rain descended from the massive clouds in torrents, he emerged from the shelter of the spreading oak, and followed the figure that he had accosted, which, fearless of the elements as himself, sped forward on its mission.

A few days after this incident, Horace called at Beverley to announce that General Washington would leave on the following day for Hartford, and that he was to be of the party. The object was to consult with the French, on a combined movement by sea and land against the British. The circumstance had already greatly elated the American army. With Alice there was a more personal event contingent upon the General's return, for he had intimated to Horace that he should then be happy to listen to the nature of her application. This added greatly to her happiness, and under the smiling influence of hope she bade adieu to Horace ; and Isabelle, grateful for his efforts in the cause of her dear friend, acknowledged that so sweet were the fruits to be gathered on his return, that she could not lament the short separation. Horace joined General Washington's suit, and as he and others rode gayly toward Hartford, they were cheered by the expectation that the approaching interview would lead to one of the most brilliant and successful campaigns of the war.

No sooner had the Commander-in-Chief left, than the efforts of General Arnold became tireless. He seemed to toil early and late for the welfare of the republic. He was ever deeply



occupied in thought and rarely spoke; paced the room and talked even in the presence of Isabelle and Alice; seemed unrefreshed by slumber, and rose from his meals with hunger unappeased. At the slightest noise he started, and looked fiercely at the source from whence it came, and examined every stranger with the wary minuteness of a sentinel. He scrutinized the forts and made changes in the position of the guns, visited the redoubts, looked to the other defenses and reviewed his men. He also examined the colossal chain, which, suspended across the river, limited the navigation of the Hudson, and had some of its links removed for repair, despite the opinion of officers, who thought such an act might be attended with danger, by opening the channel to the British, when he properly replied that there was far more danger in its decay. Exertions like these seemed well worthy of a man brilliant in military renown; but to Isabelle and Alice, who saw something of these great efforts on the General's health, his sleepless nights and agitated days—his patriot conduct was a theme for their admiration.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW.

IN the mean time the chief of the British army was made merry by the arrival of a secret messenger from the Hudson. The dispatch stated that Washington was about to leave for some days, and that his absence would afford an opportunity for the writer to meet in council any authorized officer of rank in order that certain matters might be matured that had been in negotiation. The General was alone; but with great promptitude, and a smile of exultation on his countenance, he removed from the wine to the writing table, wrote a few hasty lines, superscribed them, and summoning a servant desired that they might be instantly delivered.

"Ah, André," exclaimed Sir Henry Clinton as a handsome young officer entered the apartment, at the same time extending



to him his hand, "rapid and soldierly in your movements. Be seated, draw to the table, and let us open our conference with a glass or two of this regal Madeira."

"Cheerfully, Sir Henry," said André; "it will give vivacity to our deliberations."

"True; but the subject alone is one of inspiration," replied Sir Henry. "I have received advices from our old correspondent 'Gustavus,' who reports, with his wonted significance, that the markets are favorable for the purchases we contemplate, and only need the guarantee for terms and arrangement of preliminaries."

"Indeed," said André, "and what do you propose, Sir Henry?"

"To adopt the advice of my correspondent," replied Sir Henry, "and make the purchase."

"What, at any cost?" inquired André.

"Nay, I want the article," observed Sir Henry. "It is indispensable to our cause, and its costliness must not enter into our consideration."

"But is it not possible," facetiously inquired André, "speaking in the words of one of the astute philosophers of our enemy—so astute that he brought lightning from the clouds, though he has since been flying 'kites,' in conjunction with his brethren in Congress with far less advantage—to pay too dearly for our whistle?"

"Not when we can not pipe without it, and the article is so inestimable as that now proffered," said Sir Henry.

"Thus I am to infer you have decided on the purchase?" asked André.

"Yes, unquestionably," replied Sir Henry, "and now I want a factor."

"Of 'good commercial credit,' your correspondent suggests," said André.

"Which I interpret to be of rank," replied Sir Henry.

"Punctilious even in his treason," observed André.

"Treason, André," exclaimed Sir Henry; "is it treason for a rebel to return to his allegiance?"

"Not when 'the market is favorable,' Sir Henry," said André, archly.

"That Madeira has given pungency to your wit," remarked



Sir Henry, gayly; "but we must not thus digress. As I before observed, I now require a factor, to whom I can confide a *carte blanche* to treat in person for the purchase of these goods, together with the warehouse in which they are stored; and to offer to 'Gustavus' an asylum within our camp, with a rank equal to that which he now holds among his present associates. But to speak less metaphorically," continued Sir Henry in a whisper, "I wish to assign the duty of meeting Arnold to you. There are no terms from which I will dissent for the possession of these forts upon the Hudson, and after you have made every arrangement for their acquirement, you shall have the command of the expedition which must be sent against them, and of course will be promoted to a distinction that will be due to such an achievement."

"But should I fall in the first act of this drama, Sir Henry," said André—"that is, the villainous part—and never arrive at the heroic, what will become of my memory?"

"You are too skillful an actor André, to fall by ordinary treachery; and my caution to you would be—and perhaps that is needless—by no means pass without our lines."

"It is at your desire, and in the service of my king, that I undertake this duty," said André; but I could lead my own regiment against a whole brigade of the enemy with far greater satisfaction to my own feelings."

"André," exclaimed Sir Henry, in evident pleasure, at the same time extending his hand, "dismiss all feeble thoughts, act with vigor and decision, and the Hudson and the country will be ours again."

"And then," said André, in a humor for which he was remarkable, "I will represent to our audience at our little theater in John street, the amusing incidents of 'John Anderson in search of distinction.'"

That night a gallant barque—the *Vulture*—plowed through the sullen waters of the Hudson toward Stony Point. Few stars were visible in the heavens, the mariners performed their duties speechlessly, and the only sounds that disturbed the quietness were those of the moaning of the wind, and the querulous resistance of the stream to the advance of the vessel. On the quarter-deck sat an officer, pensive and motionless. He was attired in an undress military uniform, had the dark,



handsome features of an Italian, and was by birth a Genoese. The gay and sportive wit, for which he was so famous, was now wholly in repose. It was André, laden with his mission to Arnold, and his mind was heavy with the darkness of presentiments. After many hours of silence, his sternness relaxed, and some thought had occurred to his troubled mind that induced a smile—it was the recollection of the divine beauty and unsophisticated devotion of Alice Faith. Then again his mind recurred to the painful subject from which it had emerged, as he feared her gentle reproaches for this ignoble act toward her country. But he dispelled these apprehensions as soon as they appeared, as he conjured up the recollection of that divine evening, when the deep voice of Alice vowed to him unalterable love—those sounds still lived in his heart, which now burnt with some of its wonted fire, as his recollection flew back to the day when, on General Howe's departure from Philadelphia, he figured in the tournament as her champion in the character of the Knight of the Blended Roses. But he was awakened from these dreams by an intimation from an officer that the vessel had gained Stony Point, beyond which it was not advisable to venture. At his request, a boat was soon manned, and after arranging with the commander of the *Vulture* that he should remain until he returned, he quitted the ship.

At the landing-place stood a single figure, which, pointing to a house at a short distance, and delivering a signal which André understood, it disappeared. André, in silence, approached the lonely house, when, through the gloom and mist, another figure hastily rushed forward. He paused, and as if to assure himself that the person before him was known to him, he exclaimed, in a subdued voice:

“John—John Anderson.”

The words sounded with ominous force upon the ears of André. The voice was strange to him and so was the speaker, as near as he could distinguish his dusky outline in the mist, and he knew not what might follow this dangerous recognition. Still he was determined to respond to the challenge, in case the stranger might be sent for some purpose of warning. He therefore whispered:

“Gustavus.”



But the word acted as a spell. The figure vanished in an instant; not, however, from the enchantment of the expression, but because another footstep was heard upon the sward, which proved to be General Arnold. The tempter and the tempted met—they grasped each others' hands and walked toward the house as if they were about to enter upon some work of love instead of treachery.

Here André informed Arnold of the alarming incident that had occurred just before his arrival; for a time the latter was not less astonished than his companion, until he remembered that this was the name of the man whom he had employed as messenger, and imagined that it must be some one in search of him.

The figure who had thus mysteriously appeared before André was Gideon. He had stealthily followed the trail of the messenger, whose name was John Anderson, until he entered the English lines, where Gideon, suspecting something that he dared not even whisper, had determined to await his return, seize him, and extract the truth, and drag him before Washington on his return. But the arrival of some one by boat who was not John Anderson, still who responded to the challenge by some name that was strange to Gideon, amazed him yet more, and rather increased than lulled his suspicions. He now resolved to examine the river, and daylight disclosed to him a British vessel, and he had no doubt but that some scheme of villainy was on foot. His first object was to endeavor to induce some of the artillery to bring a gun to bear upon the vessel, and by sinking her, destroy the person's chance of escape; but it only caused the *Vulture* to heave anchor and drop further down the river, where she remained in safety.

While Gideon was rushing from point to point in his efforts to arouse the suspicions of others toward this hostile vessel, the conspirators had opened their business, and casting aside all reserve, were advancing rapidly toward a conclusion of their bargain. After some discussion, André said:

"Then I understand from our conversation that, as your property liable to confiscation amounts to ten thousand pounds, you demand remuneration for this, and also to be assigned the rank of Major-General, in the British army?"



"That is all that I demand," said Arnold. "That will be my absolute loss by the transfer of my services. Whatever higher estimate the British Government may place upon my coöperation is for its own consideration."

"It is munificent in success," remarked André.

"Success!" exclaimed Arnold; "what should cause failure? Who will lead the attack?"

"That honor will be conferred upon him who conducts the negotiation," replied André.

"It will be an achievement sufficiently glorious to establish your military fame," said Arnold, "and I have strewn your path with violets. I have removed that famous chain and opened the navigation of the river. Ascend it stealthily if possible. Land your men. Mount the glaciers. Be fearless of both guns and gunnery, and the forts and garrison of West Point will be yours."

"Its leader will only accept victory or death," exclaimed André.

"I was once stimulated by the same fire," said Arnold. "I fought for the glory of the republic, and gained renown. To this succeeded jealousies and ingratitude, and imputations upon my integrity, and now I am expected to shed more of my blood at this inglorious shrine. No, no. They have had their revenge, and I will have mine. I wish to see my enemies discomfited—their nursling strangled—and their republic but a myth."

"The master whom I serve," said André, gravely, "has rewarded me beyond my merits; and I am glad to be able to welcome you to a more generous service."

Then commenced a discussion upon the plans of the fortifications, the strength of their armaments, in illustration of which Arnold had produced many diagrams, and the ardent André was already forming plans in his inventive mind to overcome each difficulty; when a booming of cannon was heard, and both parties, rising from their seats in alarm, perceived that it was daylight. They dispatched a messenger to learn the cause of the firing, and ascertained that the *Vulture* had been discerned, that a gun had been brought to bear upon her, and that she had been compelled to drop lower down the river. This disconcerted all the plans of André. He could



not rejoin the vessel until night. In this position, André, with some preliminaries still unarranged, and pleased at the unrestrained information proffered by his companion, was induced by Arnold to remove to the more hospitable roof of an acquaintance of the General's, within the American lines, which proved the incipient step to the ignominy of his death.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE DETECTION.

THE conspirators were seated in a comfortable room, upon a table in which were spread diagrams of fortifications, which were illustrated by copious notes upon their margins. Both had dismissed the gravity of the subject, and resumed smiling faces. André indulged in the raciness of his humor, and Arnold was little less happy in his repartee, thus merrily enjoying the honors of the battle before the victory had been achieved. The doors were locked and the windows firmly closed, that they might be secure from the prying eyes of man—as if he was omnipotent—as if he were the only power these plotters had to dread. They did not think—until a more appalling day arrived—that an eye was then looking down upon their treason that could defeat it.

The day passed away—darkness followed—the sportive voices ceased—the diagrams and annotations were collected and securely packed in one of the boots of André, and the boatmen summoned, when, lo, they refused to incur the danger of conveying André to the *Vulture*. Appeals were in vain. It was asserted that, since the appearance of the British vessel, the river was too closely guarded by the Americans to render a safe passage possible, and under these perplexing circumstances, André reluctantly consented to return to New York by land. John Smith, the owner of the house at which he was Arnold's guest, undertook to be his guide. Horses were procured, passes were prepared, and disguised as John Anderson, he commenced his homeward



march. He crossed the river at King's Ferry, and passed a restless night at a house about eight miles beyond, being assured that to venture further at that late hour was perilous. Early in the morning he was again in the saddle, and pushed forward to Pine's Bridge, where he breakfasted. André was now entering upon what was termed the "Neutral Ground," a region infested chiefly by a class of men called "cow-boys," from their being mostly occupied in procuring cattle for the English army, which these unscrupulous merchants usually stole from the neighborhood. He viewed these personages as a species of home-guard, and as he had proceeded without molestation through the most hazardous district, he readily entertained the desire of his guide, John Smith, that he should return, and they separated—André entering the territory of the cow-boys, and Smith retracing his steps homeward. The former had proceeded as far as the village of Tarrytown unchallenged, and was walking his horse along a narrow pathway, when a man suddenly sprung from among the underwood and grasped his bridle, and a moment afterward, two others arose from similar concealments. André was amazed at this demonstration; but still believing the men to be a detachment of those choice drovers who prospered under British patronage, he exclaimed:

"Where do you belong?"

"Down below," responded the laconic Yankee, intimating to New York.

"So do I," exclaimed André with joy; and then he proceeded to explain that he was a British officer, on important business, that would not brook delay.

But the men whom he addressed were not his favored cow-boys; they were three worthy men—named, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart—who were on the watch to intercept these droves of stolen cattle and reclaim them; and they now led André into the forest, and despite his expostulations and the too tardy production of Arnold's pass, insisted upon searching him, and, concealed in one of his boots, found evidences of treachery.

André was declared a prisoner, and now attempted to purchase his liberty. He offered his gold watch—then a rare article—his horse, and all his money; and not succeeding,



he requested his captors to name the price of his ransom, and they should be paid whatever they demanded; but he had fallen into inexorable hands—men who, though humble in life, were pure in principle, and whose integrity and patriotism withstood the tempting bait of gold. They guarded him to North Castle, the nearest military station of the Americans, and delivered him into the custody of the commander, Colonel Jameson, who immediately dispatched a messenger with the suspicious papers to General Washington, at Hartford. In the mean time, André preserved the incognito of John Anderson, and, by his winning address, induced the commander to permit him to write to Arnold, ostensibly to inform him of the uselessness of his pass, but really to warn him of the fearful nature of his position.

On the night of that turbulent day, the footsteps of André, as he paced the floor of the room in which he was confined, responded to the measured tread of the sentinels who guarded him. He could not sleep. He had twice thrown himself upon the couch in search of the forgetfulness of slumber; but his mind was so troubled that he arose and again put his body in rapid motion, making these efforts to exhaust untiring nature.

"It is a terrific race between these couriers," he exclaimed, "although they know it not—the one to Washington, the other to Arnold. The contest is between life and death—the executioner and the deliverer. If Arnold obtains my letter before the dispatches of this kindly Jameson reach Washington, he will escape; if not, he will meet an ignominious death among those whom he hates—unpitied and in scorn."

He paused in his walk, and then, clasping his forehead with his open hand, he exclaimed, in accents of despair:

"But who will put forth a hand to save thee, sweet Alice fairest of created fair? What will be thy feelings when thou hearest that I am a prisoner in the hands of thine own people. Not captured in the battle-field with harness on my back and glory on my sword; but in the bush, in disguise, as John Anderson, and in returning from an interview with one who contemplated the betrayal of the independence of thy country. How dreary does man's crime render woman's



heart. The requital of her love and constancy is more than half in sorrow."

After pronouncing these words, he fell upon the couch in complete exhaustion, and there remained until he was absolutely tortured to sleep by the weight of his agonies.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE FLIGHT DOWN THE HUDSON.

ISABELLE and Alice had spent the interval of Horace's absence in happiness, though they awaited his return with eagerness. They saw but little of General Arnold at Beverley, so absorbed was he in his duties. Once or twice he had joined them for an instant in the garden; but after supplying them with the names of one or two distant peaks, and calling their attention to other prominent objects, he quitted them, regretting that his military obligations afforded him so little leisure to enjoy their society. On both these occasions, Alice was greatly tempted to speak of André, to whom she was most desirous of communicating her presence at Beverley; but Isabelle, remembering the terror caused by her own temerity, strictly forbade the subject, and moved about with Alice, as a censor upon her language, so the matter remained unmentioned.

Only two days had now to elapse before the return of Horace, and the first of these was to be devoted to an excursion upon the river. Isabelle and Alice had risen early to forward some preparations, when, looking from their window, they perceived at a distance an officer riding toward Beverley. Both exclaimed, simultaneously:

"It is Horace."

And Alice, with considerate courtesy, receded from the door nearest which she stood, that Isabelle might be the first to welcome him.

"But you are two days earlier than expected," remarked Isabelle, as Alice entered the room and greeted Horace.



"I trust that is no subject of complaint, dear Isabelle," said Horace.

"You have a reply in my happiness," said Isabelle.

"Which delights me, dear Isabelle," replied Horace; "but I must not neglect the duty through which I am permitted to visit you so early. I come to announce that General Washington and the other Generals of the party will breakfast here this morning."

"A most impressive honor," exclaimed the ladies.

"And one which I must instantly make known to General Arnold," said Horace. "Where shall I find him?"

"He usually occupies the library, or a small room near it," said Isabelle; "but—"

"You must not attempt," said Horace, "to interpose a condition between a soldier and his duty," and he immediately directed his course toward the room named.

After repeated assaults upon the door, a surly "Come in" reached his ear, and Horace entered. General Arnold was sitting with his head upon his hand, as if he had been disturbed from deep thought, and was still unwilling to alter his position; but when he looked to ascertain who entered, he leaped upon his feet, exclaiming:

"What, what, what has occurred?" and the ghostly pallor of his countenance and the tremor of his whole figure were painful to witness. Horace, astounded at this extreme agitation, hastened to the relief of his troubled mind, by saying:

"Nothing has occurred, General—no calamity."

"No calamity!" repeated General Arnold; "what greater calamity than to return two days earlier than expected?"

This remark was more perplexing to Horace than that which preceded it, so that he determined to relieve himself from this strange interview by simply stating the cause of his early visit.

"General Washington has gone down to visit the redoubts," he said, "and he and his suit will breakfast with you in an hour."

"I will prepare for their reception," replied Arnold, relieved, but his excitement by no means subsided, and Horace quitted the room.



The hour appointed passed away, and breakfast was announced; but when the party assembled, General Washington and his friends had not arrived, and those in readiness watched from the windows for those who were expected. While thus engaged, a courier reached Beverley with dispatches for General Arnold. These were delivered to him in the breakfast-parlor. His lip quivered as he read the superscription, and the letter which he endeavored to unseal was mutilated by the unsteadiness of his fingers. He turned toward the window to conceal the violence of his emotions, then read the dispatch, grasped a chair to prevent himself from falling, and staggered out of the apartment. An instant afterward he summoned his wife, and, as she entered her own apartment, to which he had retired, he exclaimed:

“Margaret, my ruin is accomplished, and my life depends upon the speed with which I can leave here.”

The young wife uttered not a word. The intelligence pierced her heart, and she fell upon the floor. Her husband thought only of flight; and, leaving her in this insensibility, he rushed to the river, leaped into his barge, and was the next minute flying down the Hudson.

The messenger of life had outrun the harbinger of death in their wild race—the letter of André reached Arnold before the more fatal papers of Jameson found Washington, and the guilty fugitive was on his way to claim sanctuary at a shrine powerful enough to afford it to him.

In the mean time General Washington and his friends arrived at Beverley. They were received only by the visitors at the house, who explained that the General had been suddenly called away. Mrs. Arnold did not reappear; and, as General Washington began to exhibit both hunger and impatience, the ladies undertook the honors of the table, and breakfast commenced.

The utmost pleasantness prevailed, and the absence of Arnold was ascribed to some sudden duty, and that of his wife to a slight indisposition. These trifling incidents were not permitted to lessen the cheerfulness of the party.

When breakfast was ended, the officers departed to visit the forts, accompanied by Horace, and then Isabelle and Alice, relieved from the obligations which had accidentally



fallen to them, went in search of Mrs. Arnold. They became alarmed to hear no reply to their repeated summons upon the door. Alice gently opened it. Isabelle followed her and there upon the floor, as if in death, was the lady whom they sought. Alice rushed to her assistance; Isabelle seized the bell, and soon the whole household were employed in the recovery of their mistress. They placed her on the bed; they administered restoratives, which recalled animation and sensibility; but it was only to make her conscious of agonies till then forgotten:

"Ruined! ruined!" were the only words she uttered, and none then knew the shame, the ignominy and the frightful treason embraced in those portentous words.

Two hours later General Washington received the dispatches from Colonel Jameson. The messenger had not reached Hartford till after the General's departure, and had followed him to West Point. They declared the treason of Arnold and the capture of André. It occasioned the utmost consternation in the General's mind. Such disaffection had never existed in the army, and no one was prepared for it in Arnold. Washington concealed the terrible intelligence even from Lafayette and Knox, who were with him, but with a coolness characteristic of his consummate greatness, he promptly ordered up fresh troops to reinforce the threatened point, and took steps for the security of André.

While the patriot warriors and their noble chief were unsuspectingly enjoying their repast at Beverley—while the unfortunate Mrs. Arnold was lying insensible upon the floor above their heads—while Horace observed with delight the admiration which Isabelle excited, and Alice cherished as symptoms of hopefulness the kindness extended to her by General Washington, the guilty fugitive was in his retreat. He leaped into his barge which was in readiness, and, unable to speak in the greatness of his agitation, he pointed sternly down the river, and the oarsmen pulled into the stream formed by the ebbing tide.

The guns of the forts—those sentinels of freedom which he had by treaty sold to tyranny—seemed to frown upon him with reproach, and in his fears that they might demonstrate their wrath, he cried in agony:



"Pull away! pull away! my men."

"Ay, ay, General," replied the hardy mariners; and bending to their oars, the barge, steered by a skillful coxswain at the helm, glided rapidly down the river.

But there was a cauldron in his heart which boiled his blood, and maddened his brain, and he viewed every object in distortion. From shore to shore he gazed in trepidation, imagining that each projection from the rocky eminence was a man, and by each of whom was extended the finger of arrest. Every instant he urged the men to increased speed, though the perspiration showered from their heated skin, and the barge almost flew over the surface of the water.

"Anthony's Nose" was made in an incredibly short time, and opposite this sterile monument of time stood the mere pigmy "Dunderburg," called the "Thunder Mountain," and the interval between these fractured rocks, through which the river coursed, is called the "Horse Race."

"Give way, men," vociferated Arnold.

And down this rapid current of the lordly estuary the skillful coxswain steered, while the oarsmen—adepts in their art, and Herculean in strength—impelled their barge as never boat had passed through there before, while the affrighted voyager, unconscious of his almost miraculous speed, gasped for the air which seemed shut out from between the impending cliffs.

But a few minutes had transpired, when the barge was opposite Peekskill. Ten miles had been run in a space of time unrivaled in the history of boating; still, to the maddened fugitive, the period was an age. Fresh agonies were endured as Arnold looked upon this place. The house of John Smith was near, where he and the witty and courteous André had spread their subtle meshes for a triumph. Now André was a prisoner, and he was barely free, and as he was turning from this scene to urge the men to speed, his eye fell upon an eminence a little nearer—it was called "Gallows Hill," and chronicled the fate of one from which he was using such efforts to escape. In vain he strained his eyes to see the goal at which he aimed—those planks of British oak—the *Vulture*. She was not in view—he had not yet run the



gauntlet—and at these thoughts he plunged his burning face between his hands, and for a time shut out these hideous objects from his view. When Arnold removed his hands, his gallant sailors had neared Stony Point—the gateway of those glorious and majestic Highlands that he was about to leave forever. Here the river became narrower, and as they approached the point, he observed a man rushing toward the waters, endeavoring by his cries and gesticulations to attract attention. The boatmen perceived these energetic signals, and for a moment paused. The furious Arnold yelled with a fearful voice, and the men, affrighted at this almost demon language, recommenced their toil. But this increased the efforts of the man on shore to arrest the flying boat, until the cockswain, steering toward the point, ventured to inquire of General Arnold if he would not speak with the man, as he might have some important information.

“No!” vociferated Arnold, in a voice of thunder.

“It’s Gideon Godbold, General,” said the man, “a good and worthy man, and patriot.”

The frown of the General was terrible in its anger. He spoke no more; but the cockswain needed no other sign of disapproval, and the next instant shot the point, and drove into the broader portion of the river; but as he passed, the breeze from the land wafted the words of “Traitor, traitor,” to the ears of the terrified fugitive. It was the first time that such language had ever applied to him, and it entered like a sword into his heart. But the race was for life, and urging his men to resume their speed, he was soon beyond the reach of these bitter reproaches.

It was Gideon Godbold who attempted to stop the boat. He had remained in this vicinity since the interview between Arnold and André, and he was fully persuaded that there was some treacherous scheme between them, and only awaited the return of General Washington to unfold his suspicions; but when he saw Arnold’s barge come rolling down the Hudson, at a rate never before witnessed on these waters—when he beheld the fearful visage of the guilty General, and knew the British sloop was lower down the river, he did not hesitate to endeavor to stop the course of one who, he suspected, was seeking shelter with the enemy.



But the son of Phineas found that General Arnold was still all-powerful in his barge, and that he was strengthless in the arrest of such an adversary.

Now came Haverstraw. Its waters were wide and its air was free, and the traitor breathed more freely, for he had passed the great danger of his dreadful race; but he permitted no relaxation to his weary boatmen. He cheered them with the hope that the port was near; but concealed from them the nature of that haven.

Soon the *Vulture* came in view. The graceful sloop, with her teeth of iron and her hull of oak, slept on the bosom of the Tappan Sea. As the cockswain doubled Teller's Point, the General, with composure and even joy, astounded the crew by exclaiming:

"To the *Vulture*."

The men, however, were obedient. They did their duty and pulled alongside the sloop. The General announced his rank, and was soon on the vessel's deck and in communication with her Captain.

"I come to seek refuge beneath your guns," he said, "in consequence of an enterprise of moment, arranged between Major André and myself, having been disclosed by his capture, and I should be glad to be at once conveyed to New York, that I may inform Sir Henry Clinton of the calamity."

"Are these men also refugees with you?" asked the officer, referring to the men in the barge.

"Oh, no," replied the General, "they are merely my boatmen, and now of course your prisoners."

And these devoted mariners—six boatmen and a cockswain—who had made such mighty efforts on behalf of their traitor-chieftain, were now by him surrendered to captivity. But the British although they tenaciously sheltered the guilty Arnold, on a full explanation, could not uphold the villainy practiced toward these men, and eventually gave them their liberty.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE PUNISHMENT OF THE INNOCENT.

AFTER Horace had taken such steps in directing the security of André, and dispatching messengers for the instant advance of additional forces to garrison West Point, as the Commander-in-Chief dictated, he revisited Beverley in his anxiety to learn how much of this frightful treason was known to its gentle inmates. He entered the house with different feelings from those with which he had quitted it in the morning; but he was met with equal sadness by Alice, who informed him of the very serious indisposition of Mrs. Arnold, and with much consternation expressed her deep regret at the continued and distressing absence of that lady's husband. Horace writhed beneath the agony of what he had to relate; but at this juncture, Isabelle fortunately entered the apartment, when Alice left to resume her watch beside the bed of Mrs. Arnold.

With the rapidity with which woman reads the feelings through the index of the face, Isabelle perceived in a moment that some great trouble occupied the heart of Horace.

"A tale of misfortune hangs upon your lips, dear Horace," said Isabelle; "I see it in your eye and painful countenance. Let me hear it—let us share the grief."

"I fear I do but badly mask my feelings, Isabelle," replied Horace; "but I admit that something disastrous has occurred, and which has connection with the sickness of your patient."

"With Margaret?" asked Isabelle.

"Yes," replied Horace; and approaching her, and speaking softly in her ear, as if his tidings were too momentous to be pronounced in the tone of ordinary speech, he added: "*Arnold has fled!*"

"Fled!" repeated Isabelle, in a terrified accent.

"To the British," continued Horace, "after attempting to deliver into their possession the whole of the forts under his command."

Isabelle staggered to a chair. Horace hastened to her



support. He pressed his lips upon her burning forehead, but uttered not a word.

"Oh! my poor Margaret," exclaimed Isabelle, "well may the dagger penetrate so deeply in your heart. I would rather hear of the death of a husband than of his treachery. Faithless to a cause so noble—so sacred—what could be the inducement?"

"Gold," replied Horace.

"Mammon!" said Isabelle. "How it triumphs over virtue. We read that even in the selection of twelve men by divine foresight as Christian disciples, one fell before this glittering temptation."

"But, dearest Isabelle," said Horace, "I must tell you all. Arnold was not alone in this conspiracy."

"Surely he has no confederate in our army, Horace?" said Isabelle, interrogatively.

"No," replied Horace, "he has been negotiating through a British officer."

"What of him, Horace?" inquired Isabelle, "for there is something significant in the expression of your countenance."

"He is a prisoner," said Horace, not yet having courage to avow his name.

"A prisoner!" she repeated, and then added: "So stern is military law—so terrible the necessity of its maxims—that I fear this poor, perfidious captive will have to seek mercy at some greater judgment-seat than that of man."

"His position," continued Horace, "is appalling to himself, to ourselves, and yet more so to another whom we tenderly esteem."

"Is there yet more terror for my sinking heart?" exclaimed Isabelle. "Oh, Horace, I fear that I am unequal to greater affliction now."

Horace shrunk from the cruel duty of pouring more anguish into this kind heart, yet the bitterest potion was unadministered. Time, too, pressed him at this juncture. He had withdrawn himself from official matters, under the apprehension that intelligence of the impending treason might reach the ladies by some thoughtless channel; but he knew that General Washington would expect him to rejoin him promptly. He would not leave Isabelle in doubt, and



therefore, as she looked piteously into his face, he said, in low, deep tones:

*"André is the prisoner!"*

As these words reached her ear, Isabelle fell upon her knees, and raised her clasped hands to heaven, as if to implore compassion for her beloved Alice; but Horace advanced, raised her from this position, and said:

"Isabelle, dear Isabelle, you must not thus yield to sorrow. Think of Alice—she has no one to sustain her in this severe trial but yourself, and it will require the employment of all your love and fortitude to prevent that devoted flower from fading."

Isabelle pressed affectionately the hand of her preceptor.

"I will prepare for the frightful duty," she said; "but oh, Horace, to drive from that buoyant heart the hope with which it is now so elated, seems merciless and cruel. Oh, what a storm and a wreck, since the happy calmness of the early morning, when we saw you from our window!"

After Horace had remained with Isabelle until she became more tranquil and better prepared to make the necessary communication to Alice, he quitted Beverley, promising to return as early as he could excuse himself from his attendance upon Washington. Isabelle repaired to Mrs. Arnold's room. She was in a disturbed slumber. Alice watched beside her; but upon the appearance of her friend she arose, approached her, and taking her fair hand, she said:

"What troubles you, dearest Isabelle? Some grief oppresses both you and Horace. I saw it in his face. I see it in yours, for those colorless lips and pallid cheeks are no harbingers of gladness. Let me share your sorrows, Isabelle."

"You know not what you ask," replied Isabelle; then, taking Alice by the arm, and making a sign for the nurse to attend on their still slumbering patient, she led her from the room, and when they were alone, she said,

"Arnold is faithless to the republic, and has fled to the British."

"I feared some such perfidy," remarked Alice, "from the ejaculations that are continually escaping his tortured wife; but melancholy as is this intelligence, there is something untold which to you is yet more sad."



"Information has reached Horace that André is a prisoner," said Isabelle.

"And wounded, dear Isabelle?" exclaimed Alice, much agitated; "do you fear to add that he is severely wounded?"

"He was not taken in battle, Alice," replied Isabelle.

"Not in battle, Isabelle?" exclaimed Alice; "you must be under a delusion. How else could the gallant, noble André be captured, but in the fight?"

"He was taken, dearest Alice, on his return from an interview with Arnold on the subject of delivering these forts to the British."

For some time Alice did not utter a word. She sat like a statue—as rigid and as cold. And when Isabelle, by every endearment, endeavored to arouse her from this ghastliness, she exhibited no symptom of animation or of sensibility. Isabelle, alarmed for the life of her beloved Alice, summoned the servants, and with their assistance conveyed her to bed, where, by every device of affection and care, they succeeded in restoring warmth, and without an apparent consciousness, this lovely girl passed into sleep. Isabelle was greatly solaced at this flattering change, and, in untiring watchfulness, remained beside her until evening. Then her patient awoke; her thoughts recurred to the terrible revelation; she cast her arms around the neck of Isabelle, and their tears flowed upon the pillow.

Horace came again that evening. Alice heard the whisper of his announcement, and insisted upon rising to meet him. She was greatly affected when she entered the room where he was. He rose to meet her, conducted her to a couch, and placed her between himself and Isabelle. After an effort, Alice said:

"I can not abide this torment. I want to ask you of André—of what is to be done in his case?"

"A court-martial will be summoned to determine," said Horace.

"Oh, exclaimed Alice, "what a terror I have of these military inquisitions."

"Why, Alice," said Horace, feelingly, "they are just and honorable courts."

"But they are inflexible and merciless," said Alice. "The members judge harshly, and by a code peculiarly their own, which is as unremitting as their discipline."



"It is a tribuna to which every military man subscribes his approbation, and by the decision of which he is content to abide."

"What is André's position?" asked Alice. "What are his hopes and fears?"

"He is most seriously involved," replied Horace.

"Horace! Isabelle!" exclaimed Alice. "Why exchange those fearful looks, as if they spoke of something to be hidden from my knowledge. Let me hear the truth—I implore—I supplicate."

Horace, after a moment's hesitation, determined not to conceal from her the dreadful fact that sooner or later must be known, and replied:

"I think that so seriously is André compromised in this treason, that even his life may be imperiled."

"His life!" reiterated the astonished Alice, "his life! Is it a question so near eternity?" Then she added: "the court that adjudges death to André decrees the same fate to me, for my heart will break when his shall cease to throb."

Then, as if her weakened mind could not retain a thought so terrible, she relapsed into insensibility, and was conveyed to her own room.

Early next morning, the servants came to Isabelle in consternation—for every slight event was now magnified into a terror—and informed her that several armed horsemen were advancing upon the house. It was true, for Mr Ormond having heard at Albany of the treason of the occupier of Beverley, had immediately armed his warriors to the teeth, and now appeared for the deliverance of Isabelle and Alice. Just as he reached the gate, however, a man and woman attempted to retire hastily from it. This he interpreted into a movement of suspicion, and giving some order to his troopers, which they seemed far better to comprehend than any ordinary military command, they dashed forward and intercepted the fugitives. The gallant chief drew his sword—after a slight delay, for the hilt, in his hasty ride, had worked round to his back—and advancing toward the strangers demanded their names and business there. The man, young and powerful, smiled while he examined his iron enemy, and seemed in no haste to reply, but might is ever ireful when his power is doubted, and the



chieftain repeated his demand in a louder voice, at the same time remarking, as a reason :

"At this time, when treason stalks the land, no honest man will refuse to give an account of himself."

"That's reasonable," replied the man accosted ; "but when you're five to one, you can afford to ax a question without drawing a sword, I guess. Howsomever, I comed here for no mischief. There's a poor young lady sick up there, and this good woman what nursed her in the wood wants to nurse her now. That's my business. Now for my name—'tis Gideon Godbold, of—"

"What, Gideon Godbold !" exclaimed the delighted chief, dropping his sword upon the turf, and pulling the gauntlet from his hands. "Worthy fellow and dauntless soldier, I am rejoiced to meet you. After your last battle a venerable friend of yours spent an evening at my house in Philadelphia." Then his thoughts recurring to the nurse, he said : "But who is ill up there ?"

"A young lady named Alice," replied Gideon.

"Is poor Alice sick ?" said the good old man.

At this moment Isabelle approached the gate. She had recognized her father and his four men-at-arms when the servants announced his dread appearance ; and now came hurriedly forth on perceiving his sudden attack upon a defenseless man and woman, and arrived in time to see Gideon and her father grasp each other by the hand. Mr. Ormond descended his horse to the clang of his superfluous arms, to meet his daughter. From her he learned the despondency of Alice, and was deeply grieved. Then summoning Gideon forward with his finger, he said to Isabelle :

"This is Gideon Godbold, who has brought a nurse to help you in your trouble."

"Yes," said the woman who had approached with Gideon, "my name is Mary Wood. I nursed Miss Alice at my poor hut in the forest, and I come to ask to be permitted to do so agin."

"You are most welcome, Mary," said Isabelle ; "misfortune bears heavily on poor Alice, and your kind solicitude may soothe its agonies. Come to the house directly. Come, dear father—good Gideon, come with us."



"No, my sweet Isabelle," said the kind father, "I have men with me whose appetites are ravenous—they must be billeted—I can not come, and Gideon will show me where good quarters are to be procured, and I will remain in this neighborhood until you and our dear Alice are ready to march home with me."

Isabelle did not oppose the arrangement, for the house was unfit for visitors; and the nurse followed her, while Mr. Ormond, Gideon, and the steel-clad warriors marched toward such quarters as could be procured.

Gideon had reached West Point the evening previous, had heard that the whole traitorous design of Arnold had been disclosed, and that Alice was almost dying. In his despair he had hastened to the woods for her former nurse, and this worthy creature, leaving home and all its humble comforts, was quickly on the road to offer her services to her former patient. Her appearance at Beverley revived Alice for a time, and her sedulous attention soon won the approbation and admiration of Isabelle, who frequently was herself indebted to the cheering influence of this good woman's Christian virtues for strength in her affliction.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE FATE OF ALICE AND ANDRE.

PROMPT is the punishment of the soldier. The court-martial, composed of fourteen general officers, assembled for the trial of André. It was a solemn conclave. The prisoner appeared. He was cheerful and even gay. The president honorably cautioned him against admitting any of the charges of which he was accused; but he, with chivalric daring, confessed them all, and that he had entered the American lines, without a flag of truce, for the purpose of negotiating with Arnold for the delivery of West Point to the British. The court adjourned, took time for reflection, and then decided that André had acted in the capacity of a spy, and adjudged to him the penalty of death.



André had written to Alice full of hope and love, as if the letter were dictated beneath the happy shelter of his own camp, instead of the prison of the foe; and although she feared the defeat of his sanguine feelings, still she kept his letter near her heart that ~~she~~ might partake of the solace of its silent whisperings.

During the trial she insisted upon being informed of every occurrence. Her ordinary shrewdness was now exerted with double acumen, until she extracted from Horace the charge the evidence, the confession, the observations, and lastly, the condemnation. On the evening when this last terrible fact was revealed to her, she sat beside Horace. She seized his hand, and said:

"Horace, can I see the Commander-in-Chief?"

"With what object, Alice?" inquired Horace.

"To ask the life of André," replied Alice.

"He would refuse, dear Alice," said Horace, kindly but firmly. "He can not—*dare* not grant it. There is mercy in his benevolent heart, which bleeds for the ignominious death of one so young and gifted. But the safety of the country demands that its honor should be upheld, and it is necessary to show our proud foe, that if she ventures to tempt our people with her gold we will not remit the penalty."

"But, Horace," still pleaded Alice, "Washington is so magnanimous in his doings. There is such equity in his judgment. And can he, while the greater culprit has escaped, inflict death upon the lesser?"

Horace made every effort to discourage a wish which he knew could not be conceded. There was only one thing that would avert the impending doom of André, and that was to exchange him with the British for the guilty Arnold. This had been indirectly intimated to Sir Henry Clinton—who had made every effort to accomplish the release of André—but had been unhesitatingly rejected.

At length he prevailed upon this devoted girl to consent at least to postpone all thoughts of applying for an interview with the Commander-in-Chief until she had seen André, for which purpose they were to proceed down the river on the approaching day.

Alice did not sleep that night—the shadows of the coming



day kept slumber from her eyes. At an early hour in the morning, attended by Isabelle and Horace, and the faithful Mary Wood, Alice proceeded to the barge which was to convey her to the prison of André. Mr. Ormond and Gideon were already there, and when Alice smiled upon them and extended her hand in welcome, they almost receded from the spectral recognition.

"Ah, my worthy friends," she exclaimed, as she perceived their astonishment, "you were not prepared for the ravages of sorrow; but the canker at the heart will feed upon the cheek."

Pillowed and cushioned in the barge, and supported by Isabelle and Mr. Ormond, Alice passed swiftly down the river. She cast her eyes in sadness upon those strong forts which had tempted André into danger, then closed them, and they remained unopened until the boat reached Tappan. Upon landing, she requested to be led at once to André. He received her with open arms—she fell upon his neck—André staggered beneath his lovely burden and her sorrows, and he had to seek support against the walls. When Alice had recovered from the deep anguish sufficiently to sit by his side, he said:

"Be comforted, dearest Alice, that I die in the service of my king. I would prefer to fall less ingloriously and in the field; but I die for no offense but that of faithfulness to my sovereign; although I complain of no injustice from my captors."

"Dearest André," said Alice, "let us forget the apathy of man. We shall soon be spirits of another world, where but one feeling reigns, and that of bliss. It was not until last night that it was revealed to me that I should die with you. It has given me strength to live for a few days, that the same hour which consecrates your death may witness mine."

No argument of André could remove this conviction from the mind of Alice. It was the only cord which lightened the agony of separation, and although the last embrace—the last farewell—was sublimely solemn, yet there was hope beyond this parting which cheered her soul even in this anguish.

The day arrived when André was to die—just such a sunny, joyous day as might make life more desirable—but he was



not depressed. He called upon those present to witness that he met death as became the brave, and then submitted to his fate.

When Horace returned from this tragic scene, he found Gideon rushing toward the woods, Isabelle in distraction, and Mary Wood in tears. Horace divined the cause, and he was right—Alice was indeed *dead*! Without a struggle, and apparently without a pagn that sweet vision had become immortal, and the smile with which she left this life still rested on her marble countenance. Within the same hour, the souls of Alice and André had fled from earth.

The remains of Alice were interred beside those of André. They were attended to the grave by Isabelle, her father, Horace and Mary Wood. Gideon, who had not been seen since the death of Alice, now stood pale and haggard by the grave. He was accompanied by two soldiers, who, as the service proceeded, cast flowers upon the coffin in such profusion as to scent the air with sweet fragrance. These were the two repentant thieves, who had become patriot soldiers, and who now came to offer this tribute to the dead, as some atonement for the sorrow they had occasioned the fair Alice in the forest. They had sought Gideon, to warn him against the artifices of the implacable Billy Breeches, who was so fond of female attire, and had through him heard of the death of Alice, when their grief was so profound that Gideon invited them to join him in the performance of these last sad duties.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

HORACE was now most anxious to withdraw Isabelle from the locality of these distressing incidents, and he enlisted Mr. Ormond in his cause. To promote her removal he obtained leave of absence for a short time, and in naming this to Isabelle he expressed a desire to employ that period of vacation in accompanying her home. She gladly acceded to the



arrangement, and preparations were soon made for their departure.

Mr Ormond had used every effort to induce Gideon to form one of the party, but he was inexorable. He could not be enticed from the vicinity of his reverence. But Mary Wood yielded to the importunities of Isabelle, and consented to abandon her forest-home and reside with her in Philadelphia.

The men-at-arms were still in the service of Mr. Ormond. He had engaged them "out and home," and the day after the funeral of Alice, all were in the saddle and gently moving toward the west. The chieftain of the mounted guard no longer marshaled them from point to point; he participated in the general gloom, and left his men to seek their own adventure.

As the party proceeded toward the forest, a crowd of soldiers attracted its attention. A woman whom they surrounded seemed to be the object of their vengeance; and Horace, accompanied by Gideon, rode up to try the effect of his inter-mediation, when he perceived that the female was in custody of the provost-marshal's guard. Surrounded by this rude band of an oak tree, stood the woman who had so misguided him in the forest. She stood in silence, her eyes glaring upon her triumphant executioners, some of whom were engaged throwing one end of the rope over the branch from which she was soon to be suspended, while they cried loudly to others to secure it. Just as these frightful arrangements were completed, the eyes of Gideon and the criminal met. Rage and malignity flashed from those of the haltered woman. She rushed to the length of the cord upon her neck, and grinding her teeth and clenching her fists she was about to utter some hideous malediction, when the signal passed, and in an instant she was high in the air, with those words of horror strangled in her throat. It was Molly Skirts, whose sex had been detected, and who, as a British spy, now perished in the costume through which she had perpetrated so many villainies.

Shocked at the spectacle, Horace joined his friends and entered the forest. A few hours later Gideon left them. Isabelle was greatly affected at the parting; he had been so faithful both to Alice and Horace. Gideon, too, exhibited



much emotion ; but it was plain that strong feelings attracted him from their path. Both expressed hope for a reunion ; then they separated—Isabelle proceeding toward her city home, and the lonely Gideon toward the grave of Alice.

They arrived at Philadelphia in safety. The sadness of Isabelle, greatly mollified by the association of Horace, now revived, as she again found herself in that room where so much of her time had been spent with her beloved Alice. It was evening when she visited her apartment ; and, as she gazed through the casement into the garden, and upon the heavens above, she thought of those prophetic clouds which had figured danger and unhappiness to Alice, and she thought how, on that same day, she had related to her dear friend the omens at Gen. Arnold's wedding. How truthfully had these disastrous predictions been fulfilled ; and, as she revolved these and similar theories in her inflated mind, a touch from Horace, who had entered the door unseen, caused her to scream and almost faint. But he soon reassured her, and then he related all those events which now so crowded upon her memory. Horace, in his kind manner, soothed her excitement, and then attempted to convince her that these occurrences were no omens of the late catastrophes.

"The sequel, I must admit, dear Isabelle," he said, "has been singularly coincident with the disasters foreshadowed but this is a mere accidental concurrence between seeming premonition and fact, and must not be permitted to impose upon our reason."

"I wish to think so, dear Horace," said Isabelle, "and yet I can not dislodge from my mind a scene so faithfully portrayed as that which Alice read from the clouds that stormy night, and which has since been played to her own destruction."

Horace pressed her to his heart and led her from the room. He could not further attempt to disturb a feeling which Isabelle evidently thought sacred to the memory of her dear and beloved friend.

One evening, as Horace was about to enter the residence of Mr. Ormond, he was alarmed by a feeble cry of agony. He found it proceeded from a poor man who had been injured by a carriage in the street, the reckless driver of which



Increased his pace as he perceived the mischief he had done. Horace went directly to his assistance, and Mr. Ormond, who had also heard the cry, appeared at his door and desired that the injured man might be brought within his dwelling, at the same time sending for a doctor. The poor fellow was indeed a mendicant guest. He seemed in the last stage of wretchedness. His clothes were threadbare, and patched. His eyes were deeply sunk, and his nose and chin, and cheek-bones were rendered prominent by starvation. He seemed like one who had passed from life, and whose skeleton had risen from its death and was walking to its grave. The doctor came and shook his head. The patient had received no other injury than the fall, and that his frame was too weak to bear. He was dying of want. All this time he could not speak. His eyes were intent on Horace, and once or twice he took his hand, but could not utter a word. Horace thought it was his gratitude that so troubled him; and, after many signs, gave the poor sufferer a pencil and a card, on which he wished to write. With difficulty he traced a word. He cast the pencil from him and died. He had written "Howard." Horace now recognized, in this fragile, misshapen skeleton, his former associate—the accomplished, eloquent, learned and subtle Howard.

Horace attended his interment, which was respectfully conducted, and he made every effort to ascertain the room or cellar he inhabited in the city; but none would acknowledge him, and the cause of his degraded state was as much a mystery as his life.

Horace informed Mr. Ormond of the name and former station of his impoverished guest; and the evening after the funeral, when alone with Isabelle and Horace, Mr. Ormond joined their hands and said, while deeply affected:

"We have seen the guilty punished. André with death; Arnold by disgrace and infamy, infinitely more acute in suffering, though less exemplary to the army than death; and now Howard, by starvation—penalties terribly retributive. Arnold fell into the temptation you resisted, and I admire your unflinching integrity. Treason is but a pungent weed, which may for a time seem to flourish, but will be soon outgrown and choked by the true plant, Fidelity."



Horace returned to his military duties, fortified by certain promises of Isabelle. He found Gideon restless and forlorn, seeking desperate service. An opportunity soon offered. Horace required a few dauntless men to assault a fort of the enemy. Gideon brought him the names of many volunteers. They were assembled, marched to the spot, and the attack commenced. The enemy had been reinforced that day, and the combat was terrible. Horace urged his men on with all his energy. When the cheer of victory was raised, only one-third of his men could speak the glorious word—the rest were on the earth, dead and dying, each with more than an enemy at his side. Three men exceeded all others in their wondrous achievements, but all three were foremost among the slain—they were Gideon and his friends, the reformed thieves. They were found pierced with innumerable wounds—Gideon in the center, with his hand upon his heart, as if his last pang were there. It was found, however, that the hand covered a folded rose, the leaves of which were carefully entwined with hair, which Horace identified as one of the rich tresses of the lovely Alice. It disclosed to Horace the unfortunate secret of his heart, and pathetically recorded the hopelessness of his sufferings. Horace respected the feelings of this worthy man in death. A grave was prepared, and the bodies of Gideon and his two companions were placed in it side by side. Gideon's hand remained upon his heart, and still pressed beneath it the blighted flower which impersonated her whom none knew he loved.

As soon as the roses had returned to the cheeks of Isabelle with their wonted freshness, she was united to Horace; and as good auguries must be chronicled as well as those for ill, we must not conceal that upon that happy day Horace was promoted to a majority.

Forty years later, when the benevolence of their countenances was graced by blanching hairs, and when their virtues with their beauty were impersonated by succeeding generations of Isabelles and Horaces, the British removed the remains of André—whom they had ever thought a martyr, though tardy in this act of veneration—to England, that they might repose in the more stately sepulcher of Westminster Abbey, where, amid the ashes of kings, queens, warriors,



poets and others of distinction, it was thought his right to moulder. Then, these friends would not permit the bones of Alice to remain upon the banks of the Hudson in loneliness. In a cypress grove at the boundary of their garden they erected a Gothic edifice, in which they placed all that was mortal of one once so beautiful. The spot was somber and quiet as an eastern necropolis, and was regarded with no less veneration. Nothing disturbed the tranquil solemnity of the tomb but the stately waters of a river that flowed by the grove on its course to the Delaware, and which murmured in its passage an eternal requiem.

The treacherous Arnold, like Judas of old, received his stipulated reward in rank and gold, and lived many years in England; but it was a life of punishment, for his society was shunned as that of a traitor, even by the most bitter opponents of American rights. His wife, the once beautiful and admired Margaret Shippen, returned to her father's protection in Philadelphia; but she was at once proscribed, and allowed fourteen days for her departure, and was thus compelled to seek refuge in those arms she was desirous to avoid. She joined her husband in the English camp, retired with him to Britain, and shared his ignominy.







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**No. 22—The Maid of Esopus; or, the Trials and Triumphs of the Revolution.** By N. C. IRON, author of "Gideon Godbold," etc. A purely historical fiction, written with a thorough knowledge of the men and women of those times which truly tried and tempered souls, and embodies all the interest which attaches to that most eventful era.

**No. 23—Winifred Winthrop; or, the Lady of Atherton Hall.** By CLARA AUGUSTA. "The Lady of Atherton Hall" delineates fashionable life as it exists at the South. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best romances of this talented authoress—a Prize Story—and can not fail to please.

**No. 24—The Trail Hunters; or, Monowano, the Shawnee Spy.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Forest Spy," etc. A story of the "Dark and Bloody Ground" (Kentucky,) which will command attention. All Mr. Ellis' works have had enormous circulation, both in this country and in England.

**No. 25—The Peon Prince; or, the Yankee Knight Errant.** By A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of the "King's Man," etc. It introduces us to Mexico as it was under the guerrilla reign of a few years ago, and gives us pictures of the country and its remarkably varied life, which challenge attention from their novelty and exciting nature.

**No. 26—Isabel De Cordova; or, the Brethren of the Coast.** By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "The Wreck of the Albion," etc. This novel of the sea introduces the reader to the Buccaneers who for a long time reigned in terror on the seas, off the coast of Florida—

follows them to the Island of Tortuga, where their stronghold was, and depicts their life there and on the seas in pursuit of their prey.

**No. 27—Stella, the Daughter of Liberty.** A Tale of the War of '76. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Double Hero," "The Two Guards," etc. The heroine here is a true daughter of liberty, who dares every thing for her love of country and affection for its defenders. It is historically true, yet is one of the most interesting of romances.

**No. 28—King Barnaby; or, the Maidens of the Forest.** A romance of the Mickmacks. By N. WM. BUSTERD. This novel deals with Indian life, and the exciting incidents of their conflicts with the whites, introducing a great variety of characters, both male and female. While the story is historically true, it is, in all the elements of the romance, exceedingly enticing and satisfactory.

**No. 29—The Forest Spy.** A Tale of the war of 1812. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Bill Biddon," "Nat Todd," "Oonomoo," etc. No romance, since the days of Cooper's celebrated "Spy," has issued from the press superior to this enchanting story. It introduces us to a remarkable character, as well as to Harrison, Tecumseh and Proctor; and while history is verified, it is subordinate to a romance of singular power and interest.

**No. 30—Putnam Pomfret's Ward: A Vermonter's Adventure in Mexico.** By A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of "Massasoit's Daughter," etc. A story of adventures in Mexico, on the breaking out of the last war. The hero and heroine are real live characters, and their remarkable adventures in escaping from the Greasers will not fail to interest all who love humor, novelty, heroism and American spirit.

**No. 31—The Double Hero: a Tale of Sea and Land.** By N. C. IRON, author of "The Maid of Esopus," "Gideon Godbold," "Stella," etc. In this delightful novel we have the entire story of the battle of Lake Erie, the battle of the Thames, the expedition upon Sackett's Harbor, etc., while the by-characters, and the life on Hewson's Grant, give to the work the two-fold zest of wooing and warring.

**No. 32—Irona; or, Life on the South-west Border.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Hunter's Cabin," "The Frontier Angel," etc. Mr. Ellis has here entered a new though congenial field of character and adventure. Woman enters more into the thread of the story than in his previous works, and there is in the book such a delineation of life and adventure on the old South-west border (of Texas) as will render "Irona" one of the most exciting and pleasing of all Mr. Ellis' works.

**No. 33—Maum Guinea: A Plantation Romance.** Double Number, 225 pages, beautifully illustrated. Price 20 cents. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Uncle Ezekiel," "Jo Daviess' Client," etc. Louisiana plantation life during the holidays is seized upon by the author to weave around the barbecues, night-dancing, story-telling and love-making of the slaves, a romance embodying all the tragedy and pathos, the sorrow and enjoyment, the happiness and humor of slave life and its two-fold experiences. Since Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," there has been nothing at all comparable to this superb delineation of plantation life.



**No. 34—Ruth Margerie:** A Romance of the Revolt of 1689. By Mrs. M. A. DENISON, author of "Florida," "Prisoner of La Vintresse," etc. In this story the author has introduced us to one of the most exciting episodes in the history of the Massachusetts Bay colony. It is one of this popular author's best historical fictions.

**No. 35—East and West:** or, the Beauty of Willard's Mill. By Mrs. FRANCES FULLER BARNETT, author of "The Land Claim," etc. Western life is here reproduced in a story of peculiar interest and beauty. It introduces to scenes such as only "the Settlements" can produce, and characters such as no other section of the world contains but "the West."

**No. 36—The Riflemen of the Miami.** A Tale of Southern Ohio. By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Trail Hunters," "Irona," etc. The "Riflemen" were true sons of the forest, with hearts of fire and nerves of steel, who became the settlers' hope and Indians' terror. The author has seized upon a stirring episode of their memorable career to give us a book as attractive as any thing from his pen.

**No. 37—Godbold, the Spy:** or, the Faithful and Unfaithful of 1780. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Double Hero," "The Two Guards," etc. A powerful and beautiful tale of fidelity and treason in the Revolutionary War. While it tells the story of Arnold's remarkable marriage, of his life of secret plotting and final betrayal of his country, it also gives the touching history of Andre's love. Through all runs the tale of the heroism of the scout and spy, Gideon Godbold.

**No. 38—The Wrong Man:** A Tale of the Early Settlements. By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "The Allens," etc. We have, in this fine novel, elements of peculiar interest. The society of the early Settlements is daguerrotyped to the life, with all its remarkable characters and strange incidents. But this is all subsidiary to the exciting drama which is the burden of the story proper—a drama that, while it illustrates border life, elicits an intense personal interest, such as only truly powerful creations can incite.

**No. 39—The Land-Claim:** A Story of the Upper Missouri. By Mrs. F. F. BARNETT, author of "East and West," etc. The writer seizes upon the novel life and experience of the land pre-emptors, whose "claims" spotted all of Kansas and Nebraska, and are now stretching far away toward the Rocky Mountains. The story is one of combined novelty and beauty.

**No. 40—The Unionist's Daughter:** A Story of the Rebellion in Tennessee. Double number, 224 pages complete. Price 20 cents. By Mrs. MATTIE V. VICTOR, author of "Maum Guinea," "Myrtle," etc. This romance is one of touching and thrilling interest, well calculated to enchain attention and to create remark. It gives a true picture of the sufferings and devotion of the Unionists of East Tennessee.

**No. 41—The Hunter's Cabin.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Forest Spy," "Seth Jones," "The Frontier Angel," etc. The locus quo of this romance is Southern Ohio; the time late in the last century, when the fierce Shawnee was the terror of the Settlements and the scourge of the forest. It introduces us to that hardy race of men who

coped with the savages, and finally overcame them.

**No. 42—The King's Man:** A Story of South Carolina in Revolutionary times. By A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of the "Peon Prince," etc. The author seizes upon the moment when the city of Charleston was being defended by the brave Moultrie to introduce us to that element of South Carolina's disloyalty which rendered many of her citizens infamous in the eyes of patriots. The story as a story is unusually exciting.

**No. 43—The Allens:** A Tale of the great Kanawha Valley. By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "The Wrong Man." There is no more romantic spot in the Union than the Kanawha Valley, Western Virginia, and in no section of the country is there so much of romance in its history. "The Allens" will be found to enchain the attention from its very first.

**No. 44—Agnes Falkland:** A Story of Continental Times. By N. C. IRON, author of "Godbold the Spy," "The Double Hero," etc. The battle fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the fatal expedition against Quebec, the siege of Boston, are here portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Through all runs the thread of a good, old-fashioned love story. It is a choice historical romance.

**No. 45—Esther:** A story of the Oregon Trail. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Malaska," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. In "Esther" the authoress has entered a field somewhat new even to her prolific pen. The incidents and characters partake of the wild stirring life of the far West. Mrs. Stephens has written much, but no story from her pen is better calculated to arrest attention than "Esther."

**No. 46—Wreck of the Albion.** By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "Brethren of the Coast," "The Black Ship," etc. A good sea tale is a rare production. We have one here, however. Mr. Warner is a sailor of experience, and writes of the sea with a sailor's love of the deep. The story has had a very large sale, as, indeed, have all of Mr. Warner's works.

**No. 47—Tim Bumble's Charge:** or, Mrs. Lattison's One Great Sorrow. By Mrs. M. A. DENISON, author of "Ruth Margerie," etc. Into this romance the author has thrown all her vivacity and power. It is a tale of New England and New York life, full of spirit of country and city. It is possessed of all the author's best characteristics.

**No. 48—Onomoo, the Huron.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Seth Jones," "Forest Spy," "Riflemen of the Miami," "Irona," etc. Notwithstanding the extraordinary merits of some of the works named, this story is, in some respects, superior to the others. It reproduces the noble Huron Indian who plays so prominent a part in the "Riflemen" and the "Hunter's Cabin."

**No. 49—The Gold Hunters.** By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Alice Wilde," "Maum Guinea," "Uncle Ezekiel," "Unionist's Daughter," etc. This work is one of intense dramatic power and personal interest. It gives us pictures of Pike's Peak life, which fairly transport the reader to that wonderful region. There is a story within a story, in which the author's talents as a delineator of heart-life are conspicuous.



- No. 50—The Black Ship.** By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "Wreck of the Albion," "Brethren of the Coast," "Off and On," etc. Perhaps no sea story issued from the press during the last few years has had the "run" which has attended the sale of this very exciting and delightful romance of the deep. It is full of vigor, truthful portraiture and novelty of incident, and will long continue a favorite.
- No. 51—The Two Guards.** By N. C. IRON, author of "Gideon Godbold," "Agnes Falkland," "The Double Hero," etc. Mr. Iron has here created and sustained an interest quite fresh and original. Its portraitures are exceedingly unique. Caesar, a slave, and Leo, a bloodhound, are the instruments of a drama of a thoroughly novel but pleasing nature.
- No. 52—Single Eye: A Story of King Philip's War.** By WARREN ST. JOHN, author of "The Scout," etc. This work, upon its first appearance, was heralded as a New Sensation. It has paved the way for the author's success as one of the most powerful writers of Indian and frontier life since the days of Fenimore Cooper.
- No. 53—Hates and Loves; or, the Lesson of Four Lives.** By the author of "Madge Wyld." This heart romance is full of power, passion and pathos. It introduces life as it is in certain circles of the metropolis, yet, in its truth, preserves the purity of thought and feeling requisite for all works introduced to this series. It is a captivating romance.
- No. 54—Myrtle, the Child of the Prairie.** By MRS. M. V. VICTOR, author of "The Emerald Necklace," "Maum Guinea," etc. Our popular fiction contains no more delightful novel than this. It is the story of a female child found on the prairie by a bachelor, and brought up by him in the wilds of the West. Romantic episodes of life, love, humor and pathos contrive to render it a very novel novel.
- No. 55—Off and On; or, the Ranger's First Cruise.** By JOHN S. WARNER, author of "The Black Ship," "Brethren of the Coast," etc. "Off and On" gives us sea life in 1777, when our Continental Congress was too poor to float a navy; but when the brave men of our nation cut the sea with privateers. The author has seized upon a great historic character, whose wonderful deeds are recorded in the romance with the truth of history.
- No. 56—Ahmo's Plot: or, the Governor's Indian Child.** By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Esther," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. This production is devoted to the time of Frontenac, French Governor of Canada, who married an Indian woman. Out of the marriage sprung events of a strange nature. These the author has used with unusual effect. The work, in many respects, will be regarded as one of the most admirable ever written by Mrs. Stephens.
- No. 57—The Scout.** By WARREN ST. JOHN, author of "Single Eye." "The Scout" is a romance of the early New England wars, when the savage struggled for ascendancy. It gives us pictures of border dangers, suffering and triumph, of absorbing interest. Inter-mingling, and constituting one of the leading elements of the story, are two love tales, one of which has a terrible pathos and power in it.
- No. 58—The Mad Hunter; or, the downfall of the Le Forests.** By MRS. M. A. DENISON, author of "Tim Bumble's Charge," "Florida," etc. Here we have a picture of blended light and shade. The number of dramatic personæ, and the rapid succession of peculiar events, combine to produce a very singular novel.
- No. 59—Kent, the Ranger; or, the Fugitives of the Border.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Oonomoo," "The Hunter's Cabin," etc. Here the author gives us three or four superb characters, whom he leads through the forest, on the trail, in the Indian camp, in the hand-to-hand struggle, on the race for life, in the forest home—presenting a succession of events which command the reader's undivided attention.
- No. 60—Jo Daviess' Client; or, "Court-ing" in Kentucky.** By MRS. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Myrtle," "The Gold Hunters," etc. In this fine story we have reproduced, to the life, the Kentucky of the year 1800, embracing such characters and incidents as only Kentucky can produce. Jo Daviess was one of the most remarkable men of that remarkable period. He plays in the novel such a part as only Jo Daviess could play in and out of court.
- No. 61—Laughing Eyes; a Tale of the Natchez Fort.** By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "The Allens," and "The Wrong Man." The Natchez were, unquestionably, the noblest tribe of savages on the North American continent. In this romance we have the Indian and the courtly Frenchman brought out in full relief. The story is a perfect wilderness of stirring incidents and impressive delineations of character.
- No. 62—The Unknown; a tale of 1777.** By N. C. IRON, author of "The Two Guards," "Agnes Falkland," "Godbold the Spy," etc. The whole story of the March of the British upon Philadelphia (1777), the battle of Brandywine, and the occupation by the enemy of the then National Capital, is here given. Social life of the time is finely painted by the portraiture of female character. It is a powerful dramatic production.
- No. 63—Mahaska: the Indian Princess.** By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Ahmo's Plot," "Esther," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. "Mahaska," though not a sequel of "Ahmo's Plot," is a part of the drama there unfolded. It is a work of sustained power, and carries the reader along as if it held the mastery of heart and mind.
- No. 64—The Rangers of the Mohawk.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Kent, the Ranger," "Oonomoo," "Hunter's Cabin," etc. Mr. E. here seizes upon the exciting event accompanying the celebrated siege of Fort Schuyler, in 1777; and by introducing his favorite characters of a scout, a friendly Indian, and a brave leader in the hour of trial, has given his readers a real feast of forest, border, and love romance.
- No. 65—The Wrecker's Prize; or, the Pearl of the Sea Shore.** By HENRY J. THOMAS, author of "Laughing Eyes," "The Allens," etc. This enchanting novel will delight the lovers of good stories. It has mystery and romance enough to almost fatigue the expectation which it keeps so constantly on the quiver.



- No. 66—The Hunter's Vow.** A romance of early Ohio days. Here we have life in the woods, on the trail, in the village, with extreme vividness of characterization. The adventures of a bevy of hunters are told with most unequalled vivacity, and the odd nature of much of the story will not be its least pleasing feature.
- No. 67—Indian Jim.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "The Rangers of the Mohawk," "Kent, the Ranger," "Oonomoo, the Huron," etc. The author has chosen for the theme of this story the Minnesota massacre of 1862, whose horrors thrilled the land with surprise and pity. The whole history of that savage uprising of Christianized Indians is given in a romance of startling interest and pathos.
- No. 68—The Brigantine; or, Admiral Lowe's Last Cruise.** By DECATUR PAULDING, U. S. N. Dutch New York, which has been immortalized in "Knickerbocker's" history, is reproduced to the life in this humorous, racy, romantic and refreshing romance. It is both a land and sea story, calculated to give satisfaction to all.
- No. 69—Black Hollow; or the Dragon's Bride.** A tale of the Ramapo in 1779. By N. C. IRON, author of "The Unknown," etc. The existence of the brigands known as the "Ramapo Brothers" is a historic fact, which Mr. Iron has seized upon for the basis of a novel full of the spirit of '77. Many well-known characters are introduced; and the whole forms a very impressive, instructive and pleasing story.
- No. 70—The Indian Queen.** By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Mahaska," "Ahmo's Plot," "Eather," "Sybil Chase," "Myra," etc. In this fine work the author carries forward the character of Mahaska, [see No. 63], through her extraordinary career as queen of the Senecas. It is a strange, wild romance of Indian life, employing all the writer's best powers.
- No. 71—The Lost Trail: A Legend of the Far West.** By EDWARD S. ELLIS, author of "Seth Jones," "Forest Spy," "Hunter's Cabin," etc. Upper Minnesota, forty-four years ago, was mapped as an "unexplored region." Here we have the wild life of that beautiful and aboriginal land reproduced. A leading spirit of the drama is Teddy McFadden, an Irishman, whose adventures, blunders, etc., present an element of zest, unusual even in the author's previous popular works.
- No. 72—The Moose Hunter.** By JOHN NEAL. This romance of the Maine woods, by one of America's noted authors, is a very singular production. None who read it will be likely to forget it. The author has exceeded even his old power and originality in its production.
- No. 73—The Silver Bugle; or the Indian Maid of St. Croix.** By the author of "Quindaro," etc. A story of the late Indian war. Its pages are alive with the excitement of an extraordinary train of events. The beauty and strength of character of its leading actors, as well as the wild whirlwind of incidents, render the novel a favorite with all who relish a stirring production.
- No. 74—The Cruiser of the Chesapeake; or, the Pride of the Nanamond.** By Lieutenant ROBERT PHILLIPS, U. S. N. A tale of the year 1783, when Baltimore was in possession of the British, and the odious "press-gang" was at its hideous work. The "Cruiser" performed prodigies of valor and strategy, and assisted materially to drive the hated foe from the land. As a story of sea and land, it combines many of the excellencies of Marryatt and Cooper.
- No. 75—The Hunter's Escape.** By the author of "Lost Trail," "Hunter's Cabin," "Oonomoo," "Bill Biddon," etc. This work reproduces the character of the missionary whose story was narrated in the "Lost Trail," and who lived to see the outbreak of the North-western Indians in 1860. The author portrays an episode so tinged with intense dramatic and personal interest as to render it a most absorbing and pleasing work.
- No. 76—The Scout's Prize; or, The Old Dutch Blunderbuss.** By HERRICK JOHNSTON, Esq. Humor, vigor, strange adventure, and excitement of incident, all contribute to render this novel one of unfailing interest. It gives us the camp and heart-life of the heroes of '76.
- No. 77—Quindaro; or, the Heroine of Fort Laramie.** By the author of "The Silver Bugle." Here we have the old Fort and its romantic history revived in a story of singular beauty. The author writes of what he knows, giving us such transcripts of life on the Plains as make the pulses beat the quicker.
- No. 78—The Rival Scouts; or, the Forest Garrison.** A story of the Siege and Fall of Fort Presq' Isle. By the author of "Oonomoo." While the author adheres closely to historical facts, the intense interest of the romance is not restricted on that account. The danger, daring, endurance and personal devotion of the forest rangers are depicted with startling power, while a beautiful red daughter of the forest crosses the stream of the story like a fair vision—adding beauty and pathos to it.
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- No. 80—Eagle Eye; or, the Two Rangers.** A Tale of the Fall of Fort Oswego. By W. J. HAMILTON. A forest pen-picture, full of power and exciting interest. A white man and an Onondaga Indian are friends, who most vividly recall Cooper's celebrated "Pathfinder," and his friend the "Serpent."
- No. 81—The Two Hunters; or, the Canon Camp.** A romance of the Santa Fe Trail. By Mrs. M. V. VICTOR, author of "Gold Hunters," etc. Life in the Wachita country, on the Red River of the South, is here delineated in the adventures of a quartette, who, for variety and originality, will challenge the admiration of every lover of what is spirited in characterization and graceful in narrative.
- No. 82—The Mystic Canoe.** By the author of "Rival Scouts." A most enticing and absorbing tale of the Forest and Lakes in the middle of the last century. It introduces several of the characters of the "Rival Scouts," who act leading parts in a drama of more than ordinary interest.



**No. 83—The Golden Harpoon;** or, Lost Among the Floes. A Story of the Whaling Grounds. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "On the Deep," "Cast Away," etc. A story of life on the Whaling Grounds, absorbing in interest. To the enticing interest of danger and adventure, it adds the ever-living interest of love and a lover's tribulations.

**No. 84—The Seminole Chief;** or, the Captives of the Kissimee. A Tale of the Indian War in Florida. By the author of "Silver Bugle," "Quindaro," etc. Wherein is introduced the celebrated Billy Bowlegs, in his romantic character of a highly civilized savage. It is a story of singular mystery and novelty. Its pictures of the Everglades are admirably drawn.

**No. 85—The Fugitives;** A Tale of the Wyoming Massacre. By the author of "Rival Scouts," "Mystic Canoe," "Nat Todd," etc. The commingled excitement, pathos and beauty of this novel will not fail to render it a favorite. Its pen-pictures of the forest are of unusual strength, and the story, filled as it is with the terrible excitement of a well-known historic event, is from the first, of absorbing personal interest.

**No. 86—Red Plume, the Renegade.** A Tale of the Blackfeet Country. By J. STANLEY HENDERSON, author of "Willing Captive," "Prairie Chick," etc., etc. Very vivid, fresh, and true to nature—not "sensational," but so graphic and stirring as to interest every reader, old and young. The story embraces a series of adventures in the country of the ferocious Blackfeet, while the graceful introduction of Indian and white "fair ones" adds to the romance the interest of the "grand passion."

**No. 87—On the Deep.** A Story of the Pacific. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Golden Harpoon," "Cast Away," etc. A sea tale of marked interest and beauty, of a ship assailed by those terrors of the sea, the Malays. With the narrative of the ship's loss is a beautiful tale of love, in which a missionary's daughter plays a pleasing part.

**No. 88—Captain Molly;** or, the Heroines of Trenton. A Tale of the Revolution. By Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mad Hunter," "Ruth Margerie," etc. This capital romance tells the story of Washington's crossing the Delaware, and his victory at Trenton. It gives us a noble picture of the devotion and heroism of those days.

**No. 89—Star Eyes;** or, the Rangers of the Susquehannah. A Tale of the Old French-Indian War. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," etc. A capital story, by a capital novelist. In his forest characters and incidents he is, unquestionably, one of the best writers now catering for the public. His "Eagle Eye" is one of the most powerful novels in our series.

**No. 90—Cast Away;** or, the Island Bride. A romance of the "Enchanted Isles." By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "On the Deep," "Golden Harpoon," etc. It will be hard to choose, among sea and love stories, one more alive with the spirit of the waters and the passions of the heart than this really delectable production by a popular writer. We commend it to all in search of a good sea romance.

**No. 91—The Lost Cache.** A Tale of Hidden Treasure. By J. STANLEY HENDERSON, author of "Red Plume," etc. Something de-

cidedly new—a tale of the Crow country, wherein lies "Pike's Peak," and its wonderful gold deposits. A Crow captive first found the gold, cached it, escaped, returned to the country, etc. The novel tells how he didn't find his treasure, but did find something else quite as good.

**No. 92—The Twin Scouts.** A Story of the Old French War. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," etc. Two Scouts, each a counterpart of the other, whose exploits form the theme of a very pleasing romance.

**No. 93—The Creole Sisters;** or, the Mystery of the Perrys. By Mrs. ANN E. PORTER. This lady writer is well known to American literature. Her tales are uniformly pure and deeply interesting. This story is one of absorbing and peculiar interest, full of that passion and mystery which tends to romance in its best elements.

**No. 94—The Mad Skipper;** or, the Cruise after the Maelstrom. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Golden Harpoon," "Cast Away," "On the Deep," etc. A rather singular, and, withal, a very absorbing story, of a skipper whose passion was to run his ship into the Maelstrom. The play of plot and development of character are happy in the extreme, rendering the book one very delightful to peruse.

**No. 95—Eph Peters.** The Mohawk Valley Scout. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eagle Eye," "Twin Scouts," etc. The Old French-English War, in which the fierce Iroquois participated, is the time of this romance. Peters, the scout, is a man of the woods—bold, sagacious, good-humored and strong as a lion, and the novel illustrates his adventurous life in a peculiarly graphic, entertaining way.

**No. 96—Little Moccasin;** or, Along the Madawaska. A story of life and love in the Lumber Region. By JOHN NEAL, author of "Moose Hunter," etc. This title tells its own story. John Neal's is an eminent name in American literature, and this is truly one of his best productions.

**No. 97—The Doomed Hunter.** By JAMES L. BOWEN, author of "Scouting Dave," etc. This exciting tale illustrates a singular incident of forest experience, in which a brave young man is nearly hunted to death by his friends. The thread of a love story runs through it all, giving it a twofold interest.

**No. 98—Ruth Harland.** The Maid of Weathersfield. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Eph Peters," etc. Here we have a beautiful pen-picture of frontier life, love and labor. The illustrations of primitive times and dangers are very stirring, and the romance, as such, a thoroughly good one.

**No. 99—Overboard;** or, the Double Cruise. By ROGER STARBUCK, author of "Cast Away," "On the Deep," etc. Mr. S. is "every inch a sailor." No land-lubber could so dexterously type sea life and ship-board experiences. This novel is readable—exceedingly so.

**No. 100—Karaibo;** or, the Outlaw's Fate. By J. Stanley Henderson, author of "Prairie Chick," "The Lost Cache," etc. The "Lost Cache" introduced, as one of its disturbing elements, the renegade white chief of the Crows. In this story of the Sierra Nevada Hills, the reckless adventurer enacts a new role, that of guide and something else. The story is one of threefold interest, and will prove an enjoyable book.



**No. 101—The Maid of Wyoming;** or, the Contest of the Clans. By JAMES L. BOWEN, author of "Doomed Hunter," "Simple Phil," etc. Located in the beautiful valley of Wyoming, this romance deals with a singular feature in the history of the settlements. It is at once stirring in drama, and alive with the interest of personal loves and hates.

**No. 102—Hearts Forever!** or, the Old Dominion Battle-Grounds. A tale of 1782. By N. C. INOX, author of "Two Guards," "God-bold the Spy," etc., etc. A novel of half a dozen features to attract. Filled with military and personal adventure, it is withal a love tale of charming qualities.

**No. 103—Big Foot, the Guide;** or, the Surveyor's Daughter. A romance of early Carolina times. By W. J. HAMILTON, author of "Twin Scouts," "Eagle Eye," "Star Eyes," etc. Introducing a character somewhat celebrated in early Carolina times, and preserving, throughout, a rare intensity of interest in persons and incidents.

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**No. 110—The Hidden Home.** By EDWARD WILLETT. So filled with the spirit of the woods, and so exciting in its dramatic action as to enchain attention to its last page. This writer is a great favorite. Everything from his pen is pure and good.

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# Beadle's Dime Song Books.

## A COLLECTION OF NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

### No. 1.

A good time coming,  
All's for the best,  
A national song,  
Annie Laurie, [a year,  
Answer to a thousand  
Answer to K. Kearney,  
A thousand a year,  
Belle Brandon,  
Ben Bolt, [ment,  
Blind orphan boy's la-  
Bob Ridley,  
Bold Privateer,  
Don't be angry, mother  
Do they miss me,  
Down the river,  
E pluribus unum,  
Evening star,  
Faded flowers,  
Gentle Annie,  
Gentle Jennie Gray,  
Glad to get home,  
Hard times, [sister!  
Have you seen my  
Heather dale,  
Hills of New England,  
Home again,  
I am not angry,  
I want to go home,  
Kate Kearney,  
Kiss me quick and go,  
Kitty Clyde,  
My home in Kentuck,  
My own native land,  
Nelly Gray,  
Nelly was a lady,  
Old dog Tray,  
Our Mary Ann,  
Over the mountain,  
Poor Juney,  
Poor old slave,  
Red, white and blue,  
Row, row,  
Shells of the ocean,  
Song of the sexton,  
Star-spangled banner,  
Sword of Bunker Hill,  
The age of progress,  
The dying Californian,  
The lake-side shore,  
The little blacksmith,  
The Marseilles hymn,  
The miller of the Dee,  
The old farm-house,  
The old folks we loved,  
The old play-ground,  
The rock of liberty,  
The tempest,  
Twenty years ago,  
Twinkling stars,  
Uncle Sam's farm,  
Unfurl the banner,  
Wait for the wagon,  
Willie, we've missed,  
Willie'll roam no more

### No. 2.

Alice Gray,  
America,  
Banks of the Mohawk,  
Be kind to each other,  
Billy Grimes, the rover  
Bryan O'Lynn,  
Come, sit thee down,  
Cora Lee,

Crazy Jane,  
Darling Nelly Moore,  
Darling old stick,  
Good news from home,  
Good-night,  
Graves of a household,  
Home, sweet home,  
I have no mother now,  
I miss thee so, [sorrow,  
I'm leaving thee in  
I shouldn't like to tell,  
I wander'd by the brook  
Kathleen, mavourne'n,  
Katy, darling,  
Little Katy,  
Mabel Clara,  
Mary Aileen,  
Mary of the wild moor,  
Mill May,  
Minnie, dear,  
Minnie Moore,  
Mr. Finagan,  
My eye and B. Martin,  
My grandma's advice,  
My love is a saillieur,  
My mother dear,  
My mother's Bible,  
Nancy Bell,  
New England,  
Oh, I'm going home,  
Oh, the sea, the sea,  
Old sideling hill,  
Our boyhood days,  
Our father-land,  
Peter Gray,  
Rory O'More,  
Somebody's waiting,  
The farmer sat,  
The farmer's boy,  
The fireman's victory,  
The grave of Lilly Dale  
The Irishman's shanty,  
The old folks are gone,  
The post-boy's song,  
The quilting party,  
Three bells, [heart is,  
'Tis home where the  
Waiting for the May,  
We stand here united,  
What is home without,  
What other name,  
Widow Machree,  
Willie's on the sea,  
Winter.

### No. 3.

Annie, dear, good-by  
Answer to Jeannette,  
A sailor's life for me,  
Bessie was a bride,  
Bonny Jean,  
Comic Katee darling,  
Comic Parody,  
Darling Jenny Bell,  
Darling Rosabel,  
Ettie May,  
Few days,  
Give 'em string  
Go it while young,  
Hail Columbia,  
Happy Hezekiah,  
I'd choose to be a daisy,  
I've something sweet,  
Isle of beauty,  
I think of old Ireland,  
Jeannette and Jeannot

John Jones,  
Jordan is a hard road,  
Kitty, kimo,  
Lager beer song,  
Lather and shave,  
Lillie Bell,  
Linda has departed,  
Man the life-boat,  
My dear old mother,  
My girl with a calico,  
My heart's in Ireland,  
My poor dog Tray,  
Old dog Tray, No. 2,  
Old Rosin, the bean,  
Over the left,  
Parody on To the West  
Pop goes the weasel,  
Pretty Jane,  
Rosa Lee,  
Song of the locomotive  
Sparkling Sarah Jane,  
Ten o'clock,  
The American boy,  
The American girl,  
The boys of Kilkenny,  
The death of Annie,  
The emigrant's farewell,  
The fine old Dutchman  
The old English gent.,  
The old Irish Gent.,  
The fireman's boy,  
The fireman's death,  
The girl I left behind,  
The digger's lament,  
The Indian hunter,  
The old oaken bucket,  
The old whisky jug,  
The other side of Jordan  
The pirate's serenade,  
The yellow Texas rose,  
Tilda Horn,  
To the West,  
True blue is the color,  
Uncle Ned,  
Unhappy Jeremiah,  
Villkins and his Dinah  
We miss thee at home,  
What will Grundy say  
Woodman, spare tree,  
Yellow Texas rose.

### No. 4.

A merry gipsy girl,  
Answer to K. Darling,  
A national song,  
Ben Fisher and wife,  
Bonnie Jamie,  
Broken-hearted Tom,  
By the sad sea waves,  
Columbia rules the sea,  
Come, gang wi' me,  
Commence, darkies,  
Cottage by the sea,  
Daylight is on the sea,  
Don't cry so, Norah,  
Erin is my home,  
Gal from the South,  
Get out wilderness,  
Harp of Tara's halls,  
He led her to the altar  
Home, sweet home.  
I am a freeman,  
I'll hang my harp,  
I'm not myself at all,  
Indian hunter,  
Indian warrior's grave,

I've been roaming,  
I wish he would decide  
Jane Monroe,  
Johnny is a soldier,  
Jolly Jack, the rover,  
Kate was once a girl,  
Kitty Tyrrel, [mother,  
Let us kiss him for his  
Linda's gone to Balt.,  
Maud Adair and I  
Molly Bawn,  
My ain freskde,  
My boyhood's home,  
Norah, of Kildare,  
Oh, kiss, but never tell,  
Old Uncle Edward,  
Paddy on the canal,  
Parody on Uncle Sam,  
Poor old maids,  
Preserve the mariner  
Ship, ahoy,  
Somebody's courting,  
Song of Blanche Alpen  
Song of the farmer,  
Sparkling Sunday night  
Sprig of shillelah,  
Stand by the flag,  
Terry O'Reilly,  
The engineer's song,  
The farmer's boy,  
The hazel dell,  
The little low room,  
The low-backed car,  
The old brown cot,  
The old kirk-yard,  
They don't wish me,  
Tom Brown,  
Uncle Gabriel,  
Uncle Tim, the toper,  
We are fond of kissing  
We are growing old,  
We were boys together,  
Within mile of Edinbu  
Would I were a boy,  
Would I were a girl,  
Would I were wi' thee.

### No. 5.

A dollar or two,  
A man's a man,  
Angel's whisper,  
Auld lang syne,  
A Yank. ship and crew  
Bashful young man,  
Call me pet names,  
Camptown races,  
Charity,  
Cheer, boys, cheer,  
Comin' thro' the rye,  
Days I was hard up,  
Dermot Astora,  
Dilla Burn,  
Down the bera, Davy  
Dumbarton's dell,  
Ever of thee,  
Gently o'er me stealing  
Grave of Bonaparte,  
Grave of Uncle Trae,  
Gum-tree canoe,  
Hark, I hear an angel,  
I offer thee this hand,  
Irish emigrant lament,  
John Anderson,  
Johnny's a shoemaker  
Kind relations,  
Last week I took wife



Mary of Argyle,  
Meet me by moonlight,  
Napolitaine,  
Norah McShane,  
Nothing else to do,  
Oft in the still night,  
Paddy, is it yourself?  
Poor fisherman's girl,  
Rat-catcher's daughter  
Roll on, silver moon  
Rose of Allandale,  
Samba, I have missed,  
Sammy Slap,  
Something to love me,  
The gambler's wife,  
The gay cavalier  
The ingle side,  
The ivy green,  
The lass that loves,  
The last rose of summer  
The lily of the West,  
The minute gun at sea,  
The monks of old,  
The musical wife,  
The ocean burial,  
The old arm-chair,  
The tall ivy me cost,  
The watcher,  
Thou art gone,  
Thou hast wounded,  
'Tis midnight hour,  
Twilight dews,  
Umbrella courtship,  
Wake, Dinah, wake,  
Washington,  
We'll have a dance,  
We met by chance,  
When I saw Nelly,  
When the swallows,  
William of the ferry,  
Will you love me then

### No. 6.

Annie Lisle,  
Beautiful world,  
Be kind to the loved,  
Bloom is on the rye,  
Bobbin' around,  
Bonnie Dundee,  
Cottage of my mother,  
Courtin' in Conn.,  
Dearest Mae,  
Dear mother, Ill come,  
Ella Rea,  
Fairy Dell,  
Far, far upon the sea  
Female auctioneer,  
Gentle Hallie,  
Gentle Nettie Moore,  
Grave of Washington,  
Happy are we to-night  
Hattie Lee,  
He does all things well,  
Home without a sister,  
I can't call her mother,  
I'll paddle my canoe,  
I'm standing by grave,  
Irish jaunting car,  
Is it anybody's business  
Jane O'Malley,  
Jenny Lane,  
Joanna Seew,  
Johnny Sands,  
Lily Dale,  
Little more cider,  
Lords of creation,  
Lulu is our pride,  
Marion Lee,  
Meet me by the brook,

Merry sleigh-ride,  
Minnie Clyde,  
Mountaineer's farewell  
Not for gold,  
Not married yet,  
Oh, carry me home,  
Old homestead,  
Old mountain tree,  
Ossian's serenade,  
Over the river,  
Riding on a rail,  
Sailor boy's last dream  
Say yes, pussy,  
Silver shining moon,  
Song my mother sang,  
Spare the homestead,  
Spirit voice of Belle,  
Squire Jones' daughter,  
The blue Juniata,  
The carrier dove,  
The child's wish,  
The maniac,  
The May queen,  
The miller's maid,  
The modern belle,  
The strawberry girl,  
The snow storm,  
Three grains of corn,  
Where are the friends?  
Why chime the bells?  
Why don't the men?  
Will nobody marry me  
Young recruit.

### No. 7.

Anchor's weighed,  
A ride I was taking,  
Beautiful Venice,  
Billy Patterson,  
Breeze of the night,  
Bright-eyed little Nell  
Come, Willie, dear,  
Deal with me kindly,  
Dixie's land, 1 & 2,  
Dolcy Jones,  
Don't you remember,  
Down in cane-brakes,  
Fairy Belle,  
Farewell, old cottage.  
Glendy Burk,  
Ho, gondolier, awake,  
How shall I watch,  
Hush-a-by, baby,  
I love my native land,  
I'm a jolly bachelor,  
It is recorded,  
Julianna Johnson,  
Lilly Ray,  
Little Dale,  
Little Ella  
Maggie by my side,  
Maggie, pride of vale,  
Mary May,  
Mary's welcome home,  
Massa's in cold ground  
Massa sound sleeping,  
My brodder Gum,  
My canoe is on Ohio  
My old house,  
My mountain home,  
Nelly Bly,  
Newfoundland dog,  
No, thank you, sir,  
Old ironside,  
Old K. Y. Ky.,  
Our Union, right or w's  
Over the summer sea,  
Paddy Boghree,  
Queen Mary's escape

Revolutionary times,  
Ring de banjo,  
Roy Neill,  
She's black,  
Some folks,  
Star of my home,  
Take me home to die,  
The evening gun,  
The happy Switzer,  
The home I leave,  
The messenger bird,  
The old stage coach,  
The pilot,  
The reefer's song,  
The ship on fire,  
The sleighing glee,  
Under the willow,  
Virginia belle,  
Way down in Cairo,  
We are coming, sister,  
Who'll have me?  
Willie, my brave,  
Will you list to me?

### No. 8.

A life on the ocean,  
Annie of the vale,  
A wet sheet,  
Bonny Eloise,  
Brightly o'er lake,  
By the lone river side,  
Campbells are coming,  
Come by silvery brook  
Come, maiden,  
Down by the river,  
Ella Leene,  
Ellen Bayne,  
Farewell, Lily, dear,  
Farewell, sweet mother  
Girls are not so green,  
Going home to Dixie,  
Good-by, Linda, love,  
Happy be thy dreams,  
Hard times,  
Home and friends,  
I'd be a gipsy,  
I'd rather be a violet,  
If I had one to love,  
I had a dream,  
I'm o'er young,  
I'm queen of village,  
I'm thinking of thee,  
I see her in dreams,  
Jennie with light hair,  
Jenny's coming o'er,  
Katie's secret,  
Kinlock of Kinlock.  
Kitty dear,  
Kitty Wells,  
Light of other days,  
List to the mocking  
Little Jenny Dow,  
Lizzie dies to-night  
Lone starry hour,  
Long weary day,  
Lost Rosabel,  
Mary, avourneen,  
Meeting of the waters,  
Near the banks of that  
Old black Joe,  
Old folks at home,  
Eidin' in a rail'd keel  
Rock me to sleep,  
Row, row, brothers,  
Row, row your boat  
Scenes brightest,  
She wept her life,  
Sighing for thee,  
Silvery mid night moon

Some one to love,  
Take me to Tennessee  
Tapping at window,  
The brave old oak,  
The dream is past,  
The sea, the sea,  
The wild rose,  
The Zingarina,  
'Tis but a faded flower,  
Viva L'America,  
We'll meet in heaven,  
Western trapper's song  
What are wild waves,  
What fairy-like music,  
Why have my loved,  
Whistle and I'll come

### No. 9.

A maiden's prayer  
Banks and braes,  
Basket-maker's child,  
Be quiet, do, I'll call,  
Bonnie new moon,  
Bowld sojer boy,  
Boys, carry me 'long,  
Bright moonlit sea,  
Canadian boat song,  
Castles in the air,  
Come to de gum-tree,  
Come where moonbeams  
Come where my love,  
Cruiskeen Lawn,  
Do they think of me,  
Down at the barbecue  
Do you remember,  
Eulalie,  
Ever be happy,  
Flow gently, Afton,  
Female smuggler,  
Gentle Bessie Gray,  
Grave of Kitty Clyde,  
Hannah at the window  
Hark, the vesper hymn  
Harp of the wild wind  
Household clock,  
I breathe my native air  
I dream of my mother  
I'll be no submissive,  
I'm not an ugly man,  
Jamie's on the sea,  
Jennie's bonnie e'e,  
Jockey hat and feather  
Johnny's so bashful,  
Joys that we've tasted,  
Juanita,  
Kind words never die,  
Kissing through bars,  
Kiss me good-night,  
Landlord's pet,  
List to the convent,  
Mary Blane,  
Mine own,  
Mother, I'm thinking,  
My mountain home,  
My old Kentucky home,  
Nancy Till,  
Negro boatman's song,  
Nettie is no more,  
No one to love,  
Not a star from our flag  
Oh, call me not unkind,  
Old schoolhouse,  
Once more upon the sea  
Our laddie's dead, Jam,  
Rouse, brothers, rouse,  
Shall we know each,  
Sigh in the heart,  
Silence and tears,  
Silver moonlight winds







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# A MAGAZINE OF TO-DAY.

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OFFICE OF BEADLE'S MONTHLY,  
118 William Street, New York.

With the June number Volume One is complete. To say that the success of the publication has been great, is to repeat what the press and the trade have been pleased to announce in most emphatic terms. This success has been based solely on the merits of the Magazine. No sounding prospectus, with a long array of noted names, heralded its advent. It was put upon the market quietly, challenging attention by its literary and artistic merit alone.

Whose pens have been employed to produce the matter used, the table of contents of the volume will show. *Worth* has been the criterion used in the selection of contributions. *Names* with us have been *nothing*—EXCELLENCE EVERY THING. While the list of authors embraces names already eminent in our literature, we are pleased to believe that some of the best things in the volume are the production of those unknown to fame. It ever shall be our pleasure to introduce what is original and good, even though it comes from those whose merit is as yet unacknowledged.

Our future issues promise well. Mr. Albert D. Richardson, the well-known journalist and traveler, will prepare for us a series of papers, to be elaborately illustrated, on the New States and Territories of the West. Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield will contribute a romance of weird interest and subtle power. Contributions from the pens of John Neal, Alfred B. Street, Alice and Phoebe Carey, Mrs. Victor, General Cluseret, A. J. H. Duganne, Wm. Wirt Sikes, Miss Prescott, C. Dunning Clark, Captain J. N. Flint, Rev. R. D. Carter, already are assured. It is also expected that the author of the "Dead Letter" will follow that superb production with another novel of equal power and interest. Occasional illustrated papers upon the Useful Arts and Natural History will not be wanting.

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